

Απορροή σπέρματος,  
OR, A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
PASSION  
OF  
LOVE.

DEMONSTRATING  
Its Original, Causes, Effects,  
Signes, and Remedies.

By Will. Greenwood, Φιλαρηνός.

Omne meum. Nil meum.  
Nihil diffam quod non diffam prius.

LONDON,  
Printed for William Place at Grays  
Lane-gate in Holborn, 1687.

mostly taken of w. Buxton  
and Lambeth.

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By Will. Greenwood, M.D.

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LONDON.  
Printed for William Price at Gresham  
Inn-Court in Holborn, 1657.



To the Service and Delight  
of all truly Noble, Generous and  
Honest Spirits of both Sexes;

The Author Dedicated these  
his *Exiguous Devotes*.

NOBLE HEARTS,

**B**eing invited with several  
pleasing Considerations, and  
delightful Motives to appear  
the second time upon the slip-  
pery Stage of this World. There pre-  
sent to your view a Description of a  
Passion too much rampant in this brittle  
age. The worke is of no great substance,  
not much Satyrical nor Critical;  
only

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only glances, like the Dogs of Nilus,  
taking a touch here and there. It may  
happily appear at the first view, a meer  
congested Chaos, and somewhat indig-  
ested and promiscuously handled. I  
can assure you my meaning was me-  
thodical; but I hope your favoura-  
ble disposition will dispute the foggy  
mists of confusion and confusion, and  
be really clarified in your considerate  
censure. I cannot conceive what more  
acceptable present may be offered to  
you, then that which with an apparent  
brevity compriseth the Original, Ge-  
nerality, Definition, Causes, Ef-  
fects, Signes &c. of Love. For  
which purpose and your greater con-  
tentment, I have madly rambled in ve-  
ry one of them. If I have over roaved  
gone wide, or false short, it's not un-  
like

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like you may impute it to my folly of precipitancy. In this (to forge an excusing answer) I shall not unfittingly resemble the Painter, who being to figure forth the fury of a mad Dog, the better to expresse it, stood long curiously piding about the froth or foam issuing from his mouth, but finding nothing frame, fitch to his invention, rashly takes up his pencil, dashes it against the Picture, with an intent to spoil it: howbeit this suddain accident prevailed to make his work more excellent. So may I in these suddain touches pencil out this Pastie on with a more lively tincture, then if I had been tediously curious in contriving, or vaine gloriously to ambellish them with quaint ear-pleasing Elocution. To speak the reall truth, you

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must not expect any additional ornaments of Rhetorick, nor neat flourishes of Eloquence, or wyre-drawn phrases, meer inke-pot termes, or a hedge-podge of a laboured contexture: but a plain and smooth style which best becomes our subject. I am not passionately enamoured on pety Courtships, like to those Helena's all of gold, where we can behold nothing but Drapery; but my sole aim is to speak to be understood: I have more laboured at the reality of the matter, then ornament of words; for he that courts his pen, and neglects the matter, shall alwayes have trouble enough to defend himself from Moths, Rats and Oblivion. Fine heads will pick a quarrell with me; but this is my minde, let him that findeth a fault amend it, and

be

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he that lieth it use to. I submit my  
self to the judgement of the wise, and  
little esteem the frowns of a censori-  
ous brow.

I dedicate this unto you, not be-  
cause either by virtue of a long experi-  
ence, or of an exact judgement, I  
make profession to be Master in this  
Science, but to manifest that by the  
Pole-star of methodical observations,  
one may furrow the deepest Seas of  
unknown discipline. And to vindicate  
myself with that of Mr. Burton,

*Vita verecunda est, Musa iocosa  
mihi.*

However my lines err, my life is  
honest.

But I presume, I need no such apolo-  
gies, for no man compos. means,

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will make me culpable of Lightness,  
Wantonness, and rashness in speaking  
of the Causes, Effects, Signs, &c.  
of Love; I speak only to tax and deter  
others from it, not to teach; but to  
demonstrate the vanities and errors of  
this heroical and Herculean passion,  
and to administer apt Remedies. I  
cannot please all men for the same cause  
that made Democritus laugh, made  
Heracitus weep: It is impossible for  
an Angler to please all fish with one  
bait; so if one write never so well, he  
cannot please all; and write he never  
so badly, he shall please some. I know  
there are some counterfeit Cato's that  
will fish at me, cannot abide to hear of  
Love toys, they have the very name of  
Love in detestation. Vultu, gestu,  
& oculis, in their outward actions  
averse,



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averse, and yet in their cogitation they  
are all out as bad, if not worse than  
others. *Non est in corde vestro ut sit in ore*

Whatsoever I speak in this Treatise  
of the one sex, may be also said of  
the other, *mutato nomine*. I deter-  
mine not to run with the Hate and  
hold with the Hound, to carry fire in  
one hand, and water in the other, nei-  
ther to flatter Men as altogether  
faultless, nor be critical with Women  
as altogether guilty. for as I am not  
desirous to intrude into the favour of  
the one, so am I resolved not to incur  
the disfavour of the other.

Honored Ladies, I commit my self  
to the Candor of your curtesies, main-  
taining this only, that if you be pinched  
in the talter, you rather cut the thorn  
then burn the flesh. If I discover the

From

Leger-

• The Epistle.

Leggerdaine, and subtle traines  
Women lay to<sup>d</sup> inkeigle their Lovers,  
and unvail the furrows of Womens dis-  
positions; you ought no more to be vex-  
ed with what I have said, then the  
Mine-master is to see the Coyner  
hang'd; or the true Subject, the false  
Traytor arraigned; or the honest  
man the thief condemned. I grant  
it an act somewhat uncivil, to run in-  
considerately into invectives against  
the sex; so it is an unworthy servitude  
of minde to be obsequious to them: but  
I deal with them, as he who slew the  
Serpent, not touching the body of his  
Son ruined up in folds; so I strike  
the vice, without slandering the sex.  
I hope this Book will insensibly in-  
crease under the favour and good opi-  
nion of virtuous Ladies, as Plants  
Rebel-  
sprout

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spring under the Aspects of the most  
benigne Stars.

What I here declare ( Candid  
Readers) is not in the least to extin-  
guish a pure and reall love, or to de-  
tract from the honour of marriage;  
for my stomach will not digest the un-  
worthy practises of those who in their  
Discourse and Writings, plant all their  
Arguments point blance to batter  
down Love, and the marryed estate,  
using most bitter invectives against it,  
as the Author of the Advice to a Son,  
and such like, whose behaviour speaks  
nothing but Satyrs against this divine  
Ordinance, and the whole sex of Wo-  
men. But such do it out of meer dissi-  
mulations, to divert suspicion, being de-  
fatigated in a vigorous pursuit of their  
desires are made incompetent Judges

of

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of that which they undertake to con-  
demn; or else out of revenge, ha-  
ving themselves formerly light upon  
bad Women (yet not worse then they  
deserved) they curse all adventures  
because of their own Shipwrack.

Here my Book and my self march  
both together and keep one pace, one  
cannot condemn the Work without  
the Work-man; who toucheth the  
one, toucheth the other. What I  
speak is true, not so much as I  
could, but as much as with modesty  
I dare. Let that which I borrow  
be surveyed, and then tell me whe-  
ther I have made good choice of  
Ornaments to beautifie and set forth  
the Work, for I make others to re-  
late (not after my own fancy, but  
as it best falleth out) what I cannot

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so well expresse, either through want  
of language, or want of judgement.  
I have purposely concealed  
the Authors of those I have trans-  
planted into my Ioll, and digested  
them with my own, thereby to bri-  
dle the rashness of the hasty knit  
brown'd censurer. I will honour  
him that shall trace and unfeather  
me, by the only distinction of the  
force and beauty of my discourse.  
For my humours or con-  
ceits present themselves, so I shuffle  
them up; for these are matters  
which Juniors may not be ignorant  
of. But not to tire you with a  
tedious preamble, like the Pulpit  
Cuffers of this age; and a long  
discourse argueth folly, and deli-  
cate words incur the suspicion of  
obsequiousness;

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obsequiousness; I am determined to  
use neither of them; only intreating  
your milde and charitable cen-  
sure, of this my rude and hirsute  
labour: untill the next occasion, I  
conclude,

Your Friend,

W. G.



To his Honoured and Ingenious  
Friend, Mr. W. G. on his Descri-  
ption of the Passion of Love.

When Criticks shall but view the title, they  
Will cry at this great enterprise, and say,  
It was too boldly done, thus to comprize  
In this small tract, Love's passion, and how far  
To sit upon it; but the learned will  
Excuse the little Book, and praise thy quill;  
Thy aims being only to instruct thy youth  
In what and how to do, discover'd through  
Thy pencil in the colours hath I learn'd out;  
Ev'ry passion from its very root.  
Cause, Effects, and Signs (thou here discovers)  
The passions and fears of wanton Lovers;  
Thy aim is to instruct thy youth  
To know the cause and effects of Love;  
My worthy friend, In either Hemisphere,  
Where ere I goe, thy praise I'll scorne there.

W. B.

A

ERRA



The Original of Love

# DESCRIPTION

## OF THE PASSIONS

# LOVE.

Of Love the Original, the Universality, and the Definition of it.

The nature of the whole Universe (according to the *primo-genitive*) tendeth to that which we are now determined to treat of & for the Love that moved God, not only to create the World, but also to create it beautiful in every part; the same whereof in *Gen.* yieldeth a testimony

## The Original of Love,

of Loveliness and Beauty, *αἰσθησις*, *Mundus*, signifying a beautiful and well-dressed Countenance. Therefore seeing God hath created and framed it by Love, then indubitably Love is dispersed throughout the whole World, and invested into every creature, as well Mineral and Vegetable, as Animal, all obeying the statute of the great Law-giver, instituted in *prime Adam*. The which caused a sympathy or Love in all things.

Now to demonstrate this in Man. He having by nature imprinted in his soul an affected desire or earnest inclination to that which seemeth good, is drawn as it were by necessity to search it out in every thing which he esteemeth fair and good, finding nothing so apt to be the center of his affections, and to correspond with his nature (her creation solely tending to that) as Woman. For after God had created Man, and placed him in the Garden to dress it, *It is not good* (saith he) *that Man should be alone: I will make him an help meet for him*: So demonstrating how this help was not only meet, but also necessary for Man; *Man* added, that amongst all the living creatures, he found no help meet for Adam: For although all the Beasts, and the residue of creatures were given to Man to assist him, yet being in the state of innocency wherein he was then, he might receive all service and ready obedience from them; nevertheless he had not yet an help of his kind, for he could not have the familiarity and converse with Beasts, nor receive such help from them, as he could from a Creature of his own nature.

Now seeing Man was created for this end, he could not continue without generation, which could not be unless he were joyned to a Woman; which was before his fall a most pure and innocent love. But now because of his corruption, his affections are irregular, and are made extreme; there is nothing so greatly excite



## 4 The Original of Love, &c.

Now the better to illustrate this by example, *Plinius* tells us of a *Palme* that loved most ferretly, and would faste (if properly it may be so said) w<sup>th</sup> consolation, until her Love applied himself to her; you might see the two trees bend, and of their own accord stretch out their boughes to embrace and kiss each other. They (saith he) marry one another, and when the winde brings their odour unto each other, they are marvellously affected; they will be sick and pine away for Love, which the husbandman perceiving, strokes his hand on those *Palmes* which grow together; and so stroking again the *Palme* that is enamored, they carry kisses from one to the other; on waving their leaves into a Love-ye, they will prosper and flourish with a greater bravery. No creature is to be found, and not *aliquid animæ*, which doth not love something, no rock nor stone, which hath not some feeling of its effects; yet it is more eminent in Vegetables.

To prosecute our discourse, let us define what this *Amorous Love* is; *Theophrastus* demonstrateth it to be a desire of the Soul, that easily and very suddenly gets entrance, but retireth back again very slowly. Another saith; It is an invisible fire kindled within the hidden forges of the breasts of *Lovers*, scorching and consuming their miserable hearts, and burning in the flames of desire, yielding no other sign or testimony thereof, then an uncessant desire of the thing beloved. *Montaigne* lib. 3. cap. 5. saith, that Love is nothing but an insatiate thirst of enjoying a greedily desired object. *Socrates* saith, It is an appetite of generation by the mediation of beauty. Others will have it to be a motion of the blood getting strength by little and little, through the hope of pleasure, almost a kind of Fascination or enchantment. Tully thought it to be a willing well to the party affected. *Seneca* saith, it is a strength



## Naturality and Definition.

Strength of the understanding, and a heart that moveth gently up and down the spirits. And others say, that this *lyrical passion* is a kinde of doting, proceeding from an irregular desire of enjoying a lovely object, and is attended on by fear and sadness: (common symptoms of Love) according to Ovid:

*Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.*

Thus have we been carryed away by the current of other mens judgements, and now have watcht our advantage to swim back again, and shew our private opinion; and that is, That Love is an expansion of the soul towards its object; which is, what ever is attractive; and that naturally Man loves himself best and first, and all other things in subordination to himself; and whatsoever hath most similitude of Man in nature, is the proper object of his love; then consequently (in my opinion) no object so proper as the prince of the female sex, viz. Woman, it being ordained and constituted for the propagation and preservation of every species.

We will illustrate this with that pretty piece of policy of Paris, which prompted him to the disposal of the Golden ball, he being made umpire between three Deities, *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, whereof he was to make one his friend, and two his enemies: it was his wisdom to win favour with the most potent, for his own safety, which is *Venus*, if we may take an estimate of power from the extent of Dominions, and largeness of command and conquest, all which are so clearly *Cyprus's* as they leave no place for opposition. It is true, *Juno* commands the world by Riches, and *Pallas* by wisdom, but *Venus* monarchizeth in the most unlimited manner of sovereignty over millions of Worlds,

## The Original of Love, &c.

Worlds, if it will passe for flouting, that every Man is a *microcosm*, or a little World; the epitome of the *macrocosm*, or the greater World: She is that powerfull Planer, that makes not only the rational, but irrational; not only the animals, but inanimate creatures, and Vegetables feel her influxious power, *LUC. l. i. 22.*

*Tu dea, tu rerum naturam sola gubernas,*

*Non sine re quicquam diu in lumen evasit*

*Deorum, neque sit letum, nec amabile quicquam.*

Goddess, thou rulest the nature of all things,

Without thee nothing into this light springs;

Nothing is lovely, nothing pleasure brings.

Therefore they that submit not to the Scepter of the Paphian Queen, are Rebels against nature; and but the shadows of Men; but such stubborn ones are as rare as a Horse in the streets of *Spain*, or a beggar in *Holland*. I know not (saith *Montaigne* in this *Essays* lib. 3. cap. 5.) who could set *Pallas* and the *Scythians* at odds with *Venus*, and make them cold and slow in affecting of Love; as for me, I see no Devices that better suit together, nor are more indebted to one to another. Whoever shall go about to remove *Amorous* Imaginations from the Muses, shall deprive them of the best entertainments, and of the noblest subject of their work. And who shall debur *Cupid* the service and conversation of *Poesie*; shall weaken him of his best weapons. But for so much as I know of it, the power and might of this God, are found more quick and lively in the shadow of *Poesie*, then in their own Essence: It representing a kinde of air is lovely as Love it self.

Thus

## The Causes of Love.

Thus (equally rendering all these opinions to the Readers discretion, to reject or accept which of them he shall conclude most probable) I proceed on to demonstrate the Causes of this passion in the subsequent Chapter.

## The Causes of Love.

**W**ill now express what special cause and motives tend most to the increase of this Passion. The Sages have sought the true causes which dispose the wits of Men to love; and have delivered many different opinions in this point. Some hold, it is a quality which God implanted on nature for its pleasurable cause: Adam on earth at his own desire, and such drove Eve into him: And a spirit of peace, and a desire for perpetual living: this indubitably is the first; for we must ingenuously confess, that there is no *well love*, no true delight, but proceeds from the supreme divinity, the pure and immaterial Essence of the omnipotent Deity, and sole Ruler of all Celestial and Terrestrial creatures: It is a communicative delight, whose chief propriety is perpetually to stream into the hearts and souls of all that are capable thereof. Others imagine (and I think) it comes from the influence of the Stars in their Nativities, and these (in my opinion) are the *second cause*. *Prima Deus causa, 2<sup>a</sup> causa sunt astrologica.*

## The Causes of Love

God is (of all created) the prime cause: *approx.*  
 The second (in spite of Holmes) are *flawry* laws.

Others say, it proceeds from Parents and Education, and that's very probable. Others from a certain harmony and consonance of hearts which meeting in accord upon the same tone, having a natural correspondence. The Maxime of Divines, and morall Philosophers saith, That fair and good (otherwise that which seems to be so) make all *lovers*. And lastly, Money.

Now it is our intent and purpose to treat of every one of these causes distinctly (the first excepted, being explained in the first Chapter, and likewise in the beginning of this Section) therefore we will proceed to the second cause, which is the Stars. *ad: plog: in: h: d: d: r*  
 The fairest and enticing objects that proceed from Men and Women, that most frequently captivate, allure, and make them dote beyond all measure one upon another, are by the force and power of the Stars (*quod mihi temperis astrum*) such a Woman doth singularly dote upon such a Man; and likewise such a Man upon such a Woman; thus such again, and give no reason for it, it being too high for the vulgar capacity to attain to the knowledge of it. They by their influence sit upon all humors and bodies, and by their secret qualities tie creatures with the knot of *love*; for how many are there who *love* things which are neither lovely nor good? I mean, not only in effect, but in their own opinion and judgement, yet are they fastened by some tie (unknown to any but the reall sons of art, and those which are acquainted with the sublimis sciences) nor can they free themselves from it but by the absolute power of reason. Do we not dayly  
 find,

## The Causes of Love.

finde by experience, that a Man who is, and who knoweth himself to be deformed and wicked, yet by nature falleth not in love with himself: so through a love of Concupiscence, he may love things which have neither beauty nor goodness, although he daily hath a blinde feeling of something surable to sensuality and an unperceptible attractive. For there may be a sympathy in Nature, and an antipathy in Complexion; and a sympathy in Complexion, and an antipathy in Nature; as in animals, there is amity betwixt the *shrike-bird* and the *Thrush*, betwixt the *crow* and *Hen*, betwixt *Peacocks* and *Pigeons*, *Turtles* and *Farrats*. Whence *Sappho* in *Ovids* *Epist.* writes to *Phaon*; ONE VOL. OF NEW

To Birds unlike oft-times joy'd are white Doves;  
Also the Bird that's green black Turtle loves;

For of what sort the amities and enmities of the superiours be, such are the inclinations of things subject to them in these inferiours. These dispositions therefore of Love, are nothing else but certain inclinations of things, of one towards another, desiring such and such a thing if it be absent, and to move toward it, and to acquiesce in it when it is obtained, shunning the contrary and dreading the approach of it. He that knowes the amities and enmities the superiours have one towards another, knows my meaning, and will quickly give you a reason, and that none of the worst; for the Priests say what they please.

The third Cause is from Parents and Education. This cause is from our first Parents, for the preservation and propagation of the Species, and will so continue till nature shall be no more. It is according to the old Adage, *Quasi Pater, talis Filius*; like Father, like Son. Car to her kinde; if the Dain trout, the foal will

will not amble. Experience and nature agree, that the fruit will relish of the tree from whence it sprung. Consider how Love proceeds from Parents, and gradually descends; that so soon as we see (come to maturity, and that our blood begins to boyl in our veins, we devote our selves to a Woman, forgetting our Mother in a wife, and the womb that bare us in that which shall bear our image. This Woman blessing us with Children, our affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from our bed onto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion; they applying themselves to a Woman, take a lawful way to love another better then our selves, and thus run to posterity.

But Education is more potent, for *Themistocles* in his youth (as himself confesseth) for want of Discipline, was carried away by the lascivious and hot passion of Love, like to a young unbridled Colt, until that by *Miltiades* example, who was then famous among the *Greeks*, he caused the heat of his courage to be cooled, and the lasciviousness which was naturally in him, to attend upon virtue: he fed delicately and highly. *Quale cibis, talis sanguis et membra*; such as the meat, such is the breath; for lascivious fare, is the only nurse and nourisher of sensual appetite, the sole maintenance of youthful affection, the fowell of this inordinate passion, nothing so much feeding it, nor intensifying the understanding by delighting in it. He was very idly educated, which is one main branch that causeth Love, and the first arrow that *Euphis* shooteth into the hot Liver of a headless Lover. For the Man being idle, the mind is apt to all uncleanness; the mind being void of exercise, the Man is void of Honesty. Dost not rust corrode the hardest Iron, if it be not used? Dost not the Moth eat the finest garment,



if it be not worn? Doth not impiety infect the clearest and most acute wit, if it be given to idleness? Doth not common experience make this common unto us, that the fertilest ground bringeth forth nothing but weeds, if it be not tilled? The particulars of idleness, as immoderate sleep, immodest play, unsatiable drinking, doth so weaken the senses and bewitch the soul, that before we feel the motion of Love, we are resolved to lust. *Cupid* is a crafty Gentleman; he followeth close to a hair that studdy pleasure, and flies those that stouly labour. Likewise though their natural inclination be to virtue, if they be educated, in Dancing-schools, Schooles of Musick, lead a riotous life, they will be much subject to this passion, they will prefer fancie before friends, lay Reason in the water, being too false for their tast, and follow unbridled Affection suitable to their education.

But let their inclinations be never so strong, if they have been well brought up and instructed; they are in some sort forced to moderate themselves, not suffering Love to have such pernicious effects in them, as naturally they are inclined to; whereupon (in my opinion) that old proverb was not spoken without reason, That Education goeth beyond Nature; so that *Quintilian* would not have Nurses to be of an immodest or uncomely speech; adding this cause, Lest (saith he) such manners, precepts, and discourses as young children learn in their nurseries, remain so deeply rooted, as they shall scarce ever be relinquished. Sure I am, that the first impressions, whether good or evil, are most continuance, and with least difficulty preserved.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu.*

A pot well season'd, holds the primitive taste  
 A long time after.

*Socrates* confesseth in *Plato*, that by nature he was inclined to vice, and yet Philosophy made him as perfect and excellent a Man, as any was in the world.

Besides Education and *Ukraine* have power not only to change the natural inclination of some particular Men, but also of whole Countries, as the Histories of most Nations declare unto us; and namely that of the *Germans*, who in the time of *Faustus* (and *Lycargus* amongst the *Lacedaemonians*) had neither Law nor Religion; knowledge nor forme of Common-wealth (but were led and carryed on by the current of their own inclinations, and as their will was inclined by the influence of the superiours) whereas now they will give place to no Nation for good instruction in all things. To reform the *Lacedaemonians*, *Lycargus* used this piece of policy: He nourished two whelps both of one Sire and one Dam, but in different manner; for the one he trained up to hunt, and the other to lie alwaies in the chimney-corner at the porridge-pot; afterwards calling the *Lacedaemonians* into one assembly, he said, Ye *Lacedaemonians*, to the attaining of virtue, education, industry and exercise is the most noble means; the truth of which I shall make manifest to you by tryall: Then bringing forth the whelps, and setting down a porridge-pot and an Hare, the one run at the Hare, and the other at the pot: the *Lacedaemonians* not understanding the mystery, he said, Both of these be of one Sire and one Dam, but you see how Education altereth Nature.



import of blinde pure subtil, hot and cleare, more strong  
 as weak according to the intencious agitations of spi-  
 rits; which carryeth along with it some friendly con-  
 venient, and temperate quality, which insinuateth it  
 self into the heart and soul, doth (if it there finde a  
 disposition of conformity) abide, as a seed cast into  
 the earth, and forthwith an hyemany, and this love  
 of correspondency, with an admirable promptness and  
 vigor; so it happeneth that the spirits, being transpi-  
 red from one body to another, and carrying on their  
 wings qualities consonant, do infallibly perceive and  
 outrea the inclination. The eye is principally inter-  
 ested herein, breaking through the most dense spirits and  
 clearing forth the visual rays, as the sunbeams of Love  
 which penetrate the brain, striking a most delicio-  
 us harmony, and are united one within another;  
 when hearing the blood, they strike upon the intima-  
 tion, and attract the will, which are linked one to  
 another, that they are tyed together with an unpe-  
 rishable knot; and so by this means Love entereth  
 into the heart. *omni haec in omni vultu agunt, et in*  
 The fifth Cause is that of the Dishes and morall  
 Philosophers; That Beauty and Goodness make us  
 love. Which two if they be found both in one Wel-  
 shan (the which is a very rare thing indeed) are  
 most excellent advantages. Love rises as, its objects  
 rise, which is alwaies good, beautiful, amiable, gra-  
 cious, and pleasant, or at least which seems to be so;  
 from Goodness comes Beauty, from Beauty Grace and  
 Goodliness, which result in so many ways; from their  
 good parts, makes us to love, and so becometh desire to:  
 for what is not pleasing and pleasant in our eyes, we  
 should not look at. *Omni vultu agunt, et in*  
 we love is fair and generous in our eyes, or at least we  
 do comprehend or esteeme it. *omni vultu agunt, et in*

The perfections of his Mistress are most rare,

In all mens eyes, yet in his own most faire.

Amibleness is the object of love, the Scope and end is to obtain it, for whose sake we love, and with our minds cover to enjoy. Likewise Grace and Beauty are so wonderfully annexed, do so sweetly and gently win our souls, and strongly allure, that they confound our judgement, and cannot be distinguished. And this makes the Poet still put the three Graces in Venus company, as attending on her and holding up her train. As the needle of a Diall being touched with an *Adamant*, doth alwayes turn towards the Pole, because the Philosophers hold that to be the element of the Lead, Iron or Magnet, and by a natural Sympathy doth attract every part of it self unto it self; so a Lovers heart being touched with the beauty and goodness of his Mistress doth turne it, and all his thoughts towards her. Poetically to explain this conception let us add, As the Needle of a Diall Northward turns,

The needle of a Diall Northward turns,

If touch'd by *Adamant*;

His heart touch'd by his Mistress burns,

And after her doth pant.

As this Magnet draweth the heave Iron, and the Harp the soft *Orpheus*; so Beauty allureth the chaste mind to love. In that excellent Romance of *Christiane and Lucippe*, where *Christiane* (being captivated with her beauty) speaking of himself, ingenuously confesseth, that he no sooner came in *Lucippe's* presence, but saith he; *Scitum ad eam contemplatur sum, oculis, auralis, ingenio, amore, et omni sensu, sed illi repugnans.*

last. He was wounded at the first sight, his heart panted, he could not possibly turn his eyes from her.

This Beauty hath great power to procure love; for where it appeareth in the exterior parts in any body, it is as it were a witness and testimony of the beauty in the soul. For the Creator created all things in such manner that he hath commonly joyned beauty and goodness together; in the beginning there was nothing made, but it was very good and beautiful in his kind, therefore there is an agreement between the body and the soul; for bodily beauty is as it were an image of the beauty of the soul, and promiseth after a sort some good thing of the inward beauty; for inward perfection breedeth the external; whereupon the inward is called goodness, and the external, beauty. Many would willingly die for the beauty of others, and are so overcome and seduced, that they become foolish and phrenzick, being captivated with looking upon a beautiful face, which hath such a sting that it pierceth even unto the liveliest part of their heart and soul. Whereupon it falleth out that poor silly Lovers are so full of passions, that they stand altogether crazed; making their souls to subject to their bodies; that they must obey them, as if they were some poor Chambermaid or drudge. It is the Witch of Nature, as old is the god of the World; for a Woman without beauty hath as few followers, as a Man without many good friends. A

The reason why Womens beauty is of such force, that it overcomes men, is this, the sense being too much influenced upon it, doth not only (as if it were upon an object above its strength) remain dazzled with the rays thereof, but reason is left in darkness, the heart is fettered, and the will by love made a prisoner. And I must needs tell you in plain terms, that being without

and

the



the inward state of a virtuous mind is dark-nighly.  
Yet most commonly, the image of the mind is mani-  
fested in the face, as it were in a looking-glass; for in it  
is seen a model both the veil of human frailty, the  
true ornament of an honest mind, the treasure of  
Chastity, the splendor of Clemency, the riches  
of Silence, the majesty of Virtue, the lodge of  
Love, and the nest of Grace; because the *face* (a-  
mongst all the other corporal parts) is the more noble,  
where the mind by those senses that are in it exercis-  
eth its effects and operations.

Having discoursed thus much of leucy in general, we will now descend to the particulars of leucy, and demonstrate their force in causing pty. For there is not any state of it, but there is some particular part, either in form or condition, which pleases soft, and inflames him above the rest.

And first of the Eyes, which Scaliger calls *Cupid's arrows*; the black, round, quick sparkling eye is the well far, arrow and onyx; the looking counting enchanting eye. Hebe can smile that have / or love eye, Euphorasia; and Pindarus Elenore, by a metaphor borrowed from the Greek word *elaine*, signifying the young tender sprigs or branches of Vines, for as those always embrace the neighbouring bough, twining about it with many various circles; in like manner, the eyes of a beautiful woman apply their beams, and endeavour to entangle the hearts of those that carefully behold her. The Poet Trevelyan calls the eye the compass and guide in love.

It is the eyes that infect the spirits, by the gazing upon

an object, and thence the spirits infect the blood. To this effect the Lady in *Aspatius* complained, *Thou art the cause of my grief, thine eyes piercing through mine eyes into mine inward parts, have set my bowels on fire, therefore commiserate me that am now ready to die for thy sake.*

The eye is the judge of beauty, and is as it were the looking-glasse of the soul, in which are described all the affections of the Soul, as *Love, passion, anger, disdain, &c.* The eye exceedingly lusteth after beauty (and whilst it contemplateth the colours, formes, features, comeliness, grace, laughter, and whatsoever excellent quality appertaines unto beauty) is deemed fittest to be the principal judge thereof; the eye being an Organ by which a *Lover* doth best discern the perfection of all those principal parts, which are required to the framing of a compleat beauty; for we often times see, by the bare report of virtue, in any honorable breast *true* imperfectly; but if report be once confirmed by an interview, and the eye be made judge as well as the ear, it gathereth strength, and exceedingly encreaseth; which proceedeth from no other cause then from the great force that the eye hath in the true judgement of sensible things, besides the power thereof extending it self more then all the other senses to the multitude of objects, and more speedily apprehending them. Pardon me for stepping a little out of the way, but I shall quickly be in again.

Secondly, *Faire hair*, as the Poets say, are the prisons of *capit*; that is the cause (as I suppose) that Ladies make Rings, and Bracelets, and *love-locks* to send to their *Lovers*. And that's the cause too (for I must handle both sexes) that Men cutle and powder their hair, and prune their pickatirans, making the East side correspond to the West.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, the *Tongue*, is called by *Scaliger*, the *lightning of love*. But we will take all the actions and gestures of the mouth together with it; what a bewitching force hath a gracious laughter, a pleasant and eloquent delivery, a modest courting, a *Syrens* song, or any other comely carriage or manifestation of the minde, a corral lip, a comely order and set of two Ivory rails? How great force and enticements lie in kissing? *Balthazar Castilio* saith, *Jam pluribus oculis labra crepitabant, animarum quoque mixturam facientes, inter mutuos complexus animas anhelantes*: They breath out their souls and spirits together with their kisses, changing hearts and spirits, and mingle affections as they do kisses, and it is rather a connexion of the minde then of the body.

What's a kisse of that pure faire?  
But *Loves* lure, or *Adonis* snare.

Fourthly, some are enamoured of an handsome tall and slender body; some again are taken with one of a middle size and plump; but many are captivated with a handsome leg and foot.

Fifthly, their *breasts* and *paps* are called the *sens of Love*; for which cause Women do so much discover them, (for Women, saith *Aristotle*, are *Nature's Errata*, continually studying temptations) together with their naked necks, shoulders and armes, having all things necessary and in readiness, that may either allure the minde to love, or the heart to folly. What is the meaning of their affected carriages, those Garments so pompous, those guizes so sought after, those Colours so fantastick, the Jewels and Pendants so sumptuous, that painting so shameless, those Curls and Patches, their silk and Bow-die Stockins, with their coats tucked

so that their neat leg and foot may be seen, their lac'd shoes, those curtesies, salutations, cringes and mincing gaites; but to cut the throat of Chastity, and are springes to catch Wood-cocks. A Ship is not so long a rigging, as a yong Lady is in trimming her self against the coming of her Sweet-heart. Eye but the dresses of Women which are now in use, and thou shalt not only see the carved vizard of a lewd Woman, but the intricate visage of a lascivious wanton; not only the shadow of love, but the substance of lust.

Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*, saith that Apparel (though it be many degrees better then the wearer) is a great motive and provocation to love, and nothing like unto it:

Which doth even Beauty beautifie,  
And most bewitch a wretched eye.

And as another Poet saith:

Love-locks and clothes which loose  
All Countries, and no Man.

He layes all that ever he hath upon his back, making the *Meridian* of his Estate stoop to his shoulders, Judging that Women are captivated with and married to Bravery.

And herunto the painting practised by *Habits*, adulterated complexions well agreeing with adulterous conditions. They especially use to paint their eyes (understand their eye-browes and eye-lids) with *Smock*, to make them look black, concealed by them an extraordinary comeliness. Herespon was *Salomon's* caution, *Neither let her take thee with her eye-lids*, as one of her principal nets to catch wantons therewith. When aged

aged they use in vain to make themselves fair by *renting* their faces with painting, though more came to rent them with their nails out of penitent indignation. Thus painting used to reconcile, in time widens the breaches in their faces; and their flesh tainted, at least, with the poison thereof, like rotten vessels spring the more leaks the more they are repaired. And the truth is, I would have such as these to joyn themselves with Souldiers, for so both may fight under their colours.

Sightly, Pleasant and well composed looks, glances, smiles, counter-smiles, plausible gestures, pleasant carriage and behaviour, affable complements, a comely gait and pace, dalliances, plays, revels, masks, dancing, time, place, opportunity, conference, and importunity, are materials of which *Love's torch* is made; also no stronger engine then to heat and read of *Love's toyes, fables and discourses*, so that many by this means become distracted, for these exercises do as well open the pores of the heart as the body. And truly such heart-traps are laid by sunning beauties, in such pretty ambuscades, that he must be a crafty Fox that can escape them; for there is still some peculiar grace in a Woman, as of beauty, good discourse, wit, eloquence, or honesty, which is the *primum mobile*, or first mover, and a most forcible loadstone, to attract the favours, and good will of Mens eyes, cares and affections unto them. It is a plain ornament becomes a Virgin or virtuous Woman, and they get more credit in a wise mans eye and judgement, by their plainness, and are more comely and fair, then they that are set out with their patches, bables, puffed up, and adorned like *Jays in Peacocks feathers*. Ladies, let the example of *Lucrecia* be set before you, who flamed a deeper impression of affection in the heart of the virtuous beholder, by addressing herself to housewifery, and

purple spinning, then others could ever do with their rare banquets, and riotous spending. All are not of *Agassius* minde, who was taken with a complement of lightness. This argued, that a youthful heat had rather surpris'd his amorous heart, then any discreet affection preferred him to his choise. This love is fading; for where virtue is not directrice in our choise, our minde is ever prone to change; we finde not what we expected, nor digest well what we formerly affected; all is out of square, because discretion contrived not the building. It is a decent and comely habit best becomes *Ladies* to be wooed in, and contents discreet Suitors most to have them won in. Con-  
 forme then your generous dispositions to a decency of fashion, that you may attract to your selves, and beget in others motives of affection; whose private virtues render you to the imitation, and publick to the admiration of all.

Seventhly, a tender and hot heart, *lucid spiritus*, *vegetous* and *subile blond*, are causes of *ambrosius fire*, a small beauty makes a great impression in them.

Eighthly, *Obsequious love-letters*, to insinuate themselves into their Mistresses favour, are great increments, they are the life of Love.

The pen can furrow a fond females heart,  
 And pierce it more, then *Cupids* fainted dart.  
 Letters a kinde of *Magick* virtue have,  
 And like strong *Philisers* humane souls inflame.

Ninthly, *Words* much corrupt the disposition; they set an edge or glosse on depraved liberty; making that member the vent and spout of their passion, and making the hearts of credulous  
 Women



Women, melt with their ear-charming Oratory.

The truth, Love is caused very often by the ear, as Achilles Tacitus saith, *Ex enim hominum imperantibus libidine est, ut etiam fama ad amandum impellantur, & audientes equi afficiantur, ac videntes*; Ineb is that intemperance and passion of some Men, that they are as much enamoured by report, as if they see them. Oftentimes the *species* of Love are received into the fantasie, as well by relation as by sight, for we see by the eyes of our understanding,

No face yet seen; but shasts that Love lets lie,  
Kiss in the ear as well as in the eye.

Also in the ear as well as in the eye,  
The pleader burns his books, disdains the Law,  
And falls in Love with whom his eyes ne'er saw.

*Lyidas* declaring to *Clion* his Love towards *Alceas*, said, Whether she was really fair or no, I know not, but so it was, that so soon as ever I heard the report of her, I loved her. Some report (saith he) that Love proceeds from the eyes of the party loved; but this cannot be, for her eye never looked upon me, nor did mine see her so much as to know her again.

For an illustrious name is a strange course  
To attract Love, and good report hath force.

We purpose now to treat of Money causing Love. That is the general humour of the world, and in this Iron age of ours, and in that commodity steers our affections, the love of riches being most respected;

for now a Maid must buy her Husband with a great  
*dot* if she will have him, making Love necessary;  
 and is the fashion altogether in use, to cause Wives  
 as Chapmen sell their wares, with *Quandaries*?  
 what is the most you will give? *Valley* was the young  
 Gentlewoman's answer to an inconsiderate Father,  
 who having solicited the Father, and bargained with  
 him for the *affection* of his Daughter for 1500000, and  
 covenants of marriage concluded: This inconsiderate  
 wooer unseasonably imparts his mind to the Daugh-  
 ter, who made strange with it, saying she never heard of  
 any such matter: yet her (replied he) I have bar-  
 gained with your Father, and he hath already consen-  
 ted: And you may marry him too (quoth she) for you  
 must hold me excused. Covetousness and filthy Aucre-  
 mars many a good match, or some such by-respect.  
*Valley* a little forgot, his money that makes the Mare  
 to go: *his money* and a good money, lights up many tor-  
 ches. They care not for beauty, education, honesty, or  
 birth: if they hear that there is a son, they will buy  
 him, they are frantick & doing upon him more  
 than if he were *master* *man* *piece* in *many*. If he  
 be never so ugly and stinking, *his money* makes her  
 like twenty. Has the money? (that's the first ques-  
 tion) O how they love her! Is the *money* *money*?  
 nay then, run Dog, run Bear, they'll venture hanging to  
 compass their desire.

*And I have found, that non moriturus cogit*  
*etiam non moriturus cogit.*

What will not this desire of money compel a Man to  
 attempt? Is he as old as *Saturn*, deformed, vicious,  
 bleared, though they be like two powdered tubs  
 either running over or full of standing brine, and her  
 brows

-brow like a gate, her eyes like his stars; though her nose  
 be like a handkerchief, and so hanging up, thus a Man  
 may hang his upon it, and his cheeks may hang by  
 for their pins; doth her mouth stand like an old milk  
 pail, if she have any? Has she a tongue would strike a  
 dead man dead? Her imperfections that drive him from  
 the plague of so much noise and such a breach (that vens  
 shield us) as out-vies the shambles for a sent? Yet  
 if she have any. Oh how amiable is that without doubt  
 she hath as little then twenty Swits, never shall she's  
 good enough. *Est natus hominem* to love those that  
 are for a time and rich, that they may be rich, it as  
 they will, by black overlook, all's one to them; drive in  
*De malis stabulis sed gustare* to enquire after her con-  
 ditions and Education is the last interrogatory. But let  
 we still say, you the being joined together, the same is  
 asked on a fashion, that love is converted into hate,  
 on the same into dislike, finding only fixed their  
 affections upon this object of commodity; the waste  
 of which in itself is never overvalued; and on the  
 other side their hate is furiously bent upon the Woman,  
 who becomes an object, and an odious object unto  
 them. *I shall know I shall know I shall know*

Now we turn the current of our discoursing the  
 other way; for this desire of love is not adherent to  
 men only, but that there are some of the female  
 train of the same temper. Let the Man be what he  
 will, he shall be cast in *Esops* mould, with his back  
 like a *Lute*, and his face like *Thersites*; his eyes broad  
 and sunny; his lips of the largest size in folio; able to  
 furnish a *Covlers* shop with clouting-leather; if he  
 have but a golden hand with a touch, or laden  
 with golden pockets, immediately they salute him  
 with an exclamation, *Go ye not after weeds*; and it is  
 as if you should do it, replies the Woodcock, yielding  
 up

up the souls of his pockets for the hopes of a smile, embrace or a kisse: And having emptied them, thrust them up again with frowning looks, and serve him like a sheep in June, cutted forth for a bare-necked Bree, to seek a russe for the piece next below his corcombe. *Money* hath a significant voice, *semper ad placitum*, always pleasing, always grateful.

He that will learn to win by smooth persuasion, Must practise much the *Topickall's* *Deuotion*, showing the path by which he means to passe, With the sweet flowers of yellow for a *Midday*: So shall he finde all easie to his will.

Come in a's pleasure and be welcome still.

But the truly handsome, complaisant, and *multum*, that cannot shew the face of a *Jaeger*, that hath not pocket Angels for his guardians, shall live at a distance from *gratia dei*, the grace of her good liking: he shall passe by for *was wasum*, and be embarked in the ship of *Scur*, to be conducted to the hurn of *beuifness*, and thrust upon the shore (as an exile) of *never return again*. Yet, I would rather wish Ladies to let the picture of *Love* be the emblem of their hearts, and not these inferiour pictures, which we call *money*; which are so far from satisfying the affection, as they are only for the Mold or Worldling, whose grosser thoughts nevet yet aspired to the knowledge of *Leuts* definition. Also it shewes a servile nature, to chaire a faithfull *Lover* because he is poor, and to prefer another less desertfull because he is rich.

We will now declare what the Poets say is the cause of Love. They say that when *Jupiter* first formed Man, and all souls, he touched every one with several pieces of *Lodestone*, and afterwards put all the pieces

pieces in a place by themselves; likewise, the souls of Women after he had touched them, he put them in a Magazine by themselves: afterwards when he had sent the souls into bodies, he brought those of the Women to the place where the *Lead-stones* were which touched the Men, and made every one to take one piece; if there were any theevish souls, they took several pieces and hid them. Now when that Man meets with that Woman that hath the piece which touched his soul, it is impossible but he must love her; the *Leadstone* which she hath doth attract his soul: And from hence doth proceed the several effects of Love; for those who are loved of many, are those theevish souls who took many pieces of the *Leadstone*; if any do love one who loves not him again, that was one who took his *Leadstone*, but he not hers. And from hence (say they) comes it to pass, that we do often see some persons love others, who in our eyes are nothing amiable. Also from hence proceed those strange loves which sometimes fall out, as that a *Gaul* brought up amongst many beauties, falls in love with a barbarous stranger.

*Ponsica* holds (and I am of the same minde) there is something in a Woman beyond all humane delight, a magnetick virtue, a charming quality, and a powerful motive. To illustrate this; There is a story recorded in the *Lives of the Fathers*, of a Child whose Education was in a Desert from his infancy, by an old *Hermite*; being come to mans estate, he accidentally spied two comely Women wandering in the Woods; he enquired of the *Hermite* (having never seen such before in his life) what creatures they were, the *Hermite* told him that they were *Pairies*; after some tract of time, being in discourse, the *Hermite* demanded of him which was the pleasantest and most delectable

delectable sight that ever he saw in his life? He readily replied (without any pause or further consideration) the two Fairies he chanced in the Desert. So that indubitably, there is in a fair and comely Woman, a magnetic power, and a natural inspired affection, which moves our concupiscence. And this largely proceeds from the particular instances of nature, and the perfections a Man imagines in another creature of his likeness, which he thinks may become another self: for with the distinction of sexes which nature hath bestowed on man, as well as on all other creatures, she hath put certaine impressions in the brain (as in this young man) which makes a Man at a certain age, and at a certain season, to look on himself as defective, and as if he were but the half of an whole, whereof a person of the other sex ought to be the other half: so that the acquisition of this half is represented to us confusedly by nature, as the greatest of all imaginable goods; and although he see many persons of the other sex, he doth not therefore desire many at the same time, by reason Nature makes him conceive that he hath need of no more but one half; but when he observes something in any one, that likes him better than any thing he hath marked at the same time in the rest: that gives the soul to feel all the inclination which nature hath given him to seek after that good, that she represents to him, as the greatest he can possibly possess, on that Woman only: and this is it which furnishes the Romancers and Poets with stuff.

To conclude this Chapter: It may be, that some will expect, that I should prescribe some things to cause loves, as to teach them how to temper and spice an amorous cup, and what time may be elected for the



## The Causes of Love.

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the administering of it: or how Love may be cured by natural *Diagnos*: but not knowing into whose hands the Book might come, neither do I write it to be an instrument ready run'd for every wanton eye, tongue, and hand to play upon: I forbear, lest more hurt then good come thereby: For my reporteth that *Lucullus* a most brave General and Captain of great execution, lost his life by a *Love-potion*.

Love hath used against frail hearts  
Unlawful weapons, shooting payson'd darts.

That there is things that have power and virtue to *cause Love* is not to be doubted; for the *Soul* of the World (according to *Corn. Agrip.*) by its vercue doth make all things that are naturally generated, and artificially made fruitfull, by infusing into them *Celestial properties*, for the working of these effects; then, those things themselves not only administred by *potions*, or any other such like way, but also when they being conveniently wrapped up, and bound to, or hanged about the neck, or any other way applied, although by never so small a contact, do impresse their virtue upon us. For by those applications or contacts the accidents of the body and minde are changed, causing them to whom they are administred to *love*, and render them that carry them to be *beloved*. But if these be not done under a suitable and proper Constellation, you may as well go about to pick straws, as effect any thing by them; no more but *verbum sat sapien*. Also there are certain seasons (which I will conceal

conceal for modesties sake) when Women (though never so forward at other times) may be won, in the which moment they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust; such a time is recorded in History a young Gentleman found to obtain the *love* of the *Duchesse of Millaine*; such a time a poor Yeoman elected, and so it purchased the *love* of the fairest Lady in *Mantua*. *Sed vulgo prodere grande nefas*. If I have displeased any fools in concealing such things as are to be concealed, I hope the wise will hold me excused, whilst I proceed to declare unto them in the next Chapter, the *Power and Effects of Love*.

## Of the Power and Effects of Love.

**T**He Reader shall pay nothing but his pains in following me, whilst I shew him the great power and various effects of Love; and yet I think I may as well go about to number the leaves of trees, and sands of the Sea, the grasse piles upon the Land, and the stars in the firmament, as enumerate the different effects and disorders that Love produceth in mortals. What poyson may be dissolved which Love mingleth not? What weapons can be forged and filed, to transfix the sides of innocent creatures which Love hammereth and polisheth not in his shop? or what precipices are there which Love prepareth not? All the mischiefs and crimes which have in former ages been perpetrated, Love hath bred and dayly invented them. *Pluto* calls it *Magna Dama*, or the great Devil, for its vehemency and sovereignty over all other passions. For such one, I had rather contend with *Tigers*, *wholvs*, *Dragons*, *Lions*, *Bulls*, *Bears*, and *Giants*; then with Love, he is so powerfull, and so invincible. *Regnat, & in superior jure habet ille Deus*, as *xxi* saith *Ovid*; he enforceth all to become tributary to him, he domineers over all, and can make mad and sober

sober whom he list, and strikes with sickness, and cures whom he list; he is of such power and majesty, that no creature can withstand him; he is to be seen in creatures void of reason: for the *Pelican* gores her brest to feed her young ones, and the *Stork* is not unkinde to feed her old one in her age. We are informed by common experience, how violently brute Beasts are carryed away with this passion. *Lions, Bulls, Dogs, and Cocks* are so furious in this kinde that they will kill one another; but especially *Harts* are so fierce that they may be heard fight at a great distance. *Pliny* saith *Fishes* pine away for love and wax lean: For (saith he) a *Dolphin* loved a *Boy*, that when he dyed she still came on Land, and so perished. This love is the most fell plague amongst all the passions; it is the suffering and heat of *Fruer*, the ach and striking of the *Stomach*, the rage of *Tooth*, the insurrection of the *Heart*, the fury of *Passion*, the blackness of the *Hypochondry*, the stupidity of the *Lecherer*, the fits of the *Madman*, and *Spleen*, the faintness of the *Christist*, the tremblings and palpitations of the *Heart*. It is with during the trial of patience, passion during the pleasure of melancholy, the sport of madriess, the delight of coynesse, and the desire of glories. After all this it is made a God called *Cupid*, to whom *Forms, Images, Figures, Songs, and Villains* are offered. Empire over the Heart is given to it. There are many millions of men in the World who would be most sober and flourishing if they knew how to avoid the mischievous power of this passion. What a sweet poison is the beauty and comelinesse of one sex to another, which entrencheth in by the eyes and maketh a strange havoc. I wonder not at all why the *Spaniards* compare it to a *Pamban* (a strange and cruel death) which with noeth, stealeth the *Heart*, and with

with the mirour-like spots of her skin, and drawn to her by the sweet exhalation of her body. Love hath walked on Scepters, parched the Laurels of Victors, thrown trouble into States, Schismes into Churches, corruption among Judges, and furies into Arms. It assaults in company, in solitude, at windows, at Prison gates, at Theaters, and in Cabinets, at sports, in a feast, at a Comedy, and many times at Church, (like the simple old woman belull'd with a sleepy ale, had a minde to go to Church purposely to take a nap; so many of our dainty ones, desire nothing more, then to go to the Temple to present to the deluded eye a new dresse, and captivating Love-tainted hearts) and who can assure us against it? When it once gets the master-head of reason, and passion prevails, there is nothing left, but wandering of the soul, a Fever, a perpetual Frenzie, a neglect of operations, of affaires, of functions, sadness, languor and impatience, they think business is done when 'tis but thought on. *Amor ordinem reficit*; Love knows not keeps no order. O the inexpressible variety of this Love! in some it is sharp and violent; in others, dull and insipid; in others, joyfull and wanton; in others, tedious and cloudy; in others, brutish and unnatural; in others, mute and stammering; in others, perplexed and captious; in others, light and transitory; in others, fast and reserved; in others, fawning and inconstant; in others, weak and foppish; in others stupid and assailable; in others, disordered; and in some furious and desperate. *Diagna suo ardente furore pectora*. It inflames the blood, it weakens the body, it warms the colour, it dulls the eyes, it totally subverts the minde; it hath somewhat of being possessed, something of idolatry; for those that are thus Love-stricken, make lust the idoll of their souls, and the person-loved the idoll of their lust.



You may behold in those that are far entr'd into this *passion*, floods and ebbs of thoughts, fits and countenances of persons possessed, and it is in all of them to deifie the creature on whom they are so passionately enamored, and would willingly place them among the Stars, yea upon the Altars. Chaines and wounds are honorable if they come from a *beloved hand*, making their heads cushions for their Mistresses feet, shewing that they finde more force in their eyes, then in their own hearts. They would die a thousand deaths for them, so they throw but so much as a handful of flowers, or distill but a poor tear on their tombs. This *Love* awakeneth (excludeth none) all other *passions*, and gaily boyles them, and makes them all Lacques to wait upon it: It makes *Lovers* (through immoderate watching) giddy brain'd, having their spirits troubled, and become very fools. *Fears* and *joyes*, *hopes* and *desires*, mixt with *despairs* and *doubts*, do make the sport in *Love*; they are the very *Dogs* by which the *Hare* is hunted; and being flesh'd in the chase, neither stop nor give ore (*passion* being in a hot sent) till they have killed her. It is a natural distemper, a kinde of *Small-pox*; every one hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better. It is of so great force and authority, that it subjugateh unto its will the greatest power of the minde; that is *Will* which ruleth and governeth all the other, both *interiour* and *exteriour powers*, and yet the *will* is constrained many times, for the better pleasing and content of *Love*, to follow those things which it doth altogether abhor and detest: so that having so wonderful an Empire and command over all the *powers* both *inward* and *outward*, of the *body* and of the *minde*, no wonder if *Love* both *will* and *can* do what it *will*.



It was *Love* that betrayed *Sampson* by *Dalila*; it was *Love* made *Solomon* brutish by his Concubines and turn Idolater; 'twas *Love* caused *Abub* to be rooted out through *Jesabel*; *Marc. Anthony* slew himself for the love of *Cleopatra*; the destruction of *Troy* was caused by *Helena*, the *Pandora* of *Hesiodus*, the pitifull death of *Hercules* by *Deianira*, and many other miserable events procured through the *Love* of Women, and plentifully declared in Histories. How was *Love's* great-master *Ovid*, inamoured of bright *Julia* (the jewell of his soul) and celebrated her excellencies, and their love stealths under the mask of *Corinna*? Nay, *Apollo* himself, the inventer of *Poesie*, *Musick*, and *Pysick*, elated for his victory over the ugly *Python*, found *Cupid's* shaft the most prevalent, when he pursued the too much loved, but overmuch hating *Daphne*, over the uncouth rocks, craggy clifles, and untrod mazes of the Woods. *Cupid* is more then Quarter-master among the Gods, (*Capiumq; Jovem celo traxit*) he made *Jupiter* metamorphose himself for *Europa* into a Bull (and put himself to graze, that he might lick her hands who fed him with flowers) for *Danae* into a shower of gold, for *Astrea* into an Eagle, for *Leda* into a Swan, for *Antiope* into a Satyr, for *Egina* into a flame, for *Mnemofyne* into a Shepherd, for *Dion* into a Serpent, for *Calysto* into a Wood-nymph or Nun; so by this you may see that *Love* made him esteem his pleasure above his state, so as *Lucian* *Juno* called him *Ludus Amoris*, *Cupid's* whirlingig. *Sen. in Herc. Oes.*

*Tu fulminantem saepe domasti Jovem.*

Likewise all fained Romances do continually chant forth the complaints of millions of Lovers, and the infidelity of their Mistresses; on the other side Women waging

waging war with Men cease not to accuse their inconstancy, which were able to tire spirits any thing serious.

A *Lovers* heart is *Cupids* quiver, an inextinguishable fire; more hot and vehement then any material fire, it is the quintessence of fire, no water can quench. *Sen. Hippol.*

——— *Quis meas misera Deus,  
Aut quis juvare Dardalus flammam queat?*

——— What God can ease?  
What *Dardalus* can quench such flames as these?

Or according to the eloquent poeſie of another;

For *Love* hath nets there laid to serve his turn,  
And in the water, will his wildfire burn.

O! how many Men do wander in this way? how many persons in this age are corrupted too much with the extremity of this *passion*, lulling themselves asleep in the laps of such as seek to strangle them? How many excellent spirits are recorded in History, which were in excellent state and in full vigour of the functions of an intellectual life; who by approaching over-neer to this sex, have entred into *affections* of fire and flames, which like little creeping Serpents have stolne into their hearts. I cannot sufficiently admire at the sottishnesse and drownesse of many Noble spirits, who are so delighted and captivated with the vain dreams of their own *fancies*, that they imploy all the gifts and graces of the *mind*, and incline to some *beautiful* object. What a ridiculous thing is it, to see Men fall from their primitive goodnesse, as to

lose their selves in *dotage*, and that *dotage* on one creature, and that creature a Woman? really, next to a miracle is my only admiration. O traitresse *Dalila*, which seekest by thy inticings to deliver Mans soul to an enemy far worse then the *Philistines*! Such pleasures are like gilded pills, which under their external beauty include bitterness. They are also like fresh Rivers that end their course in the Sea, losing their sweet relish in an Ocean of saltness. Man cannot love and be wise both together, the very best of them is betwixt *hawk* and *hazard*, if once they be overtaken with this passion: It being the first and chief mistress of all the passions, the most furious and severest of all; he that suffers himself to be seduced by it, he is no more himself; his body endureth a thousand labours in the search of his pleasure; his mind a thousand hells to satisfy his desire, and desire it self increasing grow into fury. As it is natural, so it is violent and common to all: It maketh all the wisdom, resolution, contemplation and the operation of the soul brutish.

It is impossible to reckon up the many great dangers and hazards they undergoe; they undertake single combats, venture their lives, creep in at windows, gutters, go down chimnies in ropes, and climbe over wals to come to their Sweet-hearts; anoint the doores and hinges with oil, lest they should make a noise, tread softly, whisper, &c. and if they be surpris'd, leap out at windows, and cast themselves down headlong. What a passionate speech was that of *Callistratus* in *Lucian*. *Dial. amorum. Mihi & diu caelestis ultra sit vita, hac perpetua exadversis amica sedere, & suave loquentem audire, &c. si moriatur, vivere non sustinebo, & idem erit sepulchrum utrisq.* The which we thus paraphrase, O ye Gods celestial, grant me this life for ever to sit opposite

posite to her I love, that I may continually be an auditor of her mellifluous speeches, to go in and out with her; he that frowns upon her, shall frown upon me; if she should die, I would not live, and one tombe should contain us both. When the King of Babylon would have punished one of his Courtiers, for loving a young Lady of the Royal blood, far transcending his fortunes, Apollonius being in his presence, by all means perswaded him to let him alone; For to love and not enjoy, was most inexorable torment.

Loves force is shown in the continuation of a design, in spite of all impeachment and crosses; how great was that of Psyche in the search of Cupid? she saw three Goddesses set against her pretensions, Juno, Ceres, and Venus, and yet her passion became victorious over their malevolence; she did things that seemed impossible, she went down to hell and spoke to Proserpina, passing without much difficulty many obstructions in the way. But where it cannot effect its designs, it causes revenge. For when Edward Courteney Earl of Devonshire, being released by Queen Mary, long detained prisoner in the Tower, a Gentleman of a beautiful body, sweet nature, and royall descent, intending him (as it was generally conceived) to be an husband for herself. For when the said Earl Petitioned the Queen for leave to travell, she advised him rather to marry, assuring him, that no Lady in the Land how high soever, would refuse him for an husband, and urging him to make his choice where he pleased; she painted out her self unto him as plainly, as might stand with the modesty of a Maid, and the Majesty of a Queen. Hereupon the young Earl (whether because his long durance had some influence on his brain, or that naturally (as I rather suppose) his face was better then his head, or out of some private fancy and affection to the Lady Elizabeth, or out of  
loyall

loyall bashfulness, not presuming to climbe higher, but expecting to be called up) is said to have requested the Queen for leave to marry her Sister the Lady Elizabeth; unhappy was it, that his choice either went so high, or no higher; for who could have spoken worse treason against Mary (though not against the Queen) then to prefer her Sister before her? and she innocent Lady did afterwards dearly pay the score of this Earls indiscretion; for the Queen having no cause of revenge against the Earl, yet she under a colour imposed greater affliction, and closer imprisonment against Elizabeth.

Love causeth him that doth love, to ingrave and imprint in his heart, that face and image which he loveth; so that the heart of him that loveth is like unto a looking-glasse, in which the image of the party beloved shineth and is represented; and doth as it were deprive himself of himself, and giveth himself to whom he loveth; for the delights of love are commonly more in the imagination, then in the thing it self; and the soul doth cast her eye upon those images which remain in the fancy, and looks upon them as if they were present.

When Venus commands, all things lose their civility, such is the power of Love, that for the thing beloved, they neglect their own good, they fear not to expose their bodies to the edge of the sword, deny unto themselves whatsoever to them is profitable, as sleep to their eyes, quietnesse to their minds, rest to their members, ease to their bodies; yea, more then all this, they glory in those vain glorious attempts, those labours, sweatings, watchings, wounds, burnings and freezings, all which they endure and undergo for their Mistresses; as Sir John Suckling sings



Ah cruel Love, how great a power is thine!

Under the Pole although we lie,

Thou mak'st us fire:

And thou canst make us freeze beneath the line,

Yet this *amorous passion* is not more frequent with Men and Women, than it is with the *airy quivers*, the nimble birds, who are overtaken with *Cupid's* nimble wings, annually eluding their *Valentines*. What a perfect *hermaphrodite of affection* is there between the Turtle and his dear mate? whose continual billing thames Diana and her frigid train. What a zealous adorer of *Venus* is the warren Sparrow (as *Pliny* says, p. 107 in his *Natural History*) who empties himself of all his radical moisture in her rites, and at three years end (when the Column of his life fails him) offers up his dry bones a sacrifice to her. *Aristotle* will have Birds sing of *suavem mentem*, for joy and hope of their *Love* *birds* to come. *Cupid* is as familiar with Lions, as children with *castor* *Lambs*; and oftentimes mounts on their backs, holding by their bristly mains, and riding them about like Horses, whilst they sawn upon him with their tails. He blunts the horns of the Bull, and muzzles the fierce Tiger, and makes the sluggish Bear nimbly dance a *Corvato*.

*Omnia adeo sunt in terris hominibus ferarumque*

*Et sunt equorum, pecudum, pallas, volucrum*

*In feris, in cunctis rebus, amor omnibus idem.*

All kinds of creatures on the earth, beasts grim,  
And Men, and Fish with golden fins that swim,

And



And painted Birds alike to rage dorth flie.  
Thus Love bears equall sway in earth, sea, skie.

It is Love makes old Men and Women, that have more  
teeth then teeth, dance and frisk like Goats; it makes  
old Gowry fellows break their *Crutches*, y, and shins  
too, & dance after Fiddlers Flei go mad: and 'tis no new  
thing, take the Poets reason, which seems to me to be  
as true as ever fiction was, and that is, *Cupid and Death*  
met in an Inn, and being mettrly disposed, they did  
exchange some arrows out of eithers quiver, which is  
the cause that young men die, and oft-times old men do.  
And who can withstand the force of it? (saith Mr. Bar-  
ton) if once it pricks us at the heart, young or old,  
though our teeth shake in our heads like *Virginal jacks*,  
or stand parallel asunder like *wires in a bridge*, there's  
no remedy, we must dance and taper Candlestick  
height, leap over tables, chaires, and stools, though we  
be 60 years above waste, scarce 30 below.

Maides when they get together (pardon me Ladies,  
for 'tis my design to touch all) are still either reading  
or telling of *Love stories*, singing *Love songs* or *Son-  
nets*, talking of this or that young man, such a Man is  
*proper, fair, and handsome*, saith one; and such a Man  
is *black and comely*; O! what a pearl is he in some  
eye, saith another; and thus they chat when they meet,  
never thinking or willingly discourting upon any other  
subject. And forsooth they must fast St. Agnes Eve,  
to see who must be their *first husbands*, and flock to the  
strife to know who they shall marry, and how many  
*husbands* they shall have, nay, what would they not give  
if they might but see him in a glasse? This is no  
Court complement of *allegorion*, but a downright  
truth.

We will now turn to the *enamorate*; and suppose one should endeavour to reform him (then which, one had better strive and tame a Panther) immediately he will burst out in *Choler*, saying, *Do you think that Love that thinks the whole universe too narrow a compassse, so be confined unto, and who disposeth of all our wils according to his pleasure, be bent up in such strait limits as you prescribe? will Love be ruled and governed by the will of any but himself? he will confesse his fault, yet will not insist upon any other argument or reason but his extreme affection, and will not argue with you any where but before the throne of Love, and there he will prostrate himself upon his knees, and vowe by all eternity, never to rise so long as he lives, unless he be ingratiated into his Mistresses favour. And such a one is this who sues for an office in fools Paradise; but let him take it, for my part Ile never ride (like one for the County-Clerk ship when a new Sheriff is elected) nor strive with him for it. What (saith he) would you have me inconstant? Oh no, not for a world! What, would you have me mad? (as he is no better) No, I will be constant till death; startling more at the word inconstancy, then at a Devil: so that I have often smiled at those who condemn inconstancy, and are professed enemies against it; considering that they themselves are not able to be as they say, nor more constant then those whom they brand with the vice of inconstancy. For when they fall in love, do they not fall in love with beauty, or something which seems pleasing unto them? now when this beauty doth fade, as time doubtlesse will make all beauty do, are they not then inconstant, still loving those faces that are now grown ugly, and retain nothing of what they were, but only the very name of a face? If to love that, which is contrary to that which was loved, be inconstancy;*

fancy; and if ugliness be contrary unto beauty, then he that did love a fair face, and continues loving when it is ugly, must be concluded *inconstant*. This consideration makes me think, that the way to avoid *inconstancy* is, always to love beauty, and when it fades, farewell Love, finde some other that is faire, and still love beauty (if you will be loving and accounted *constant*) and not its contrary, unless you be *unconstant* to your first Love. I know this is point blank against the opinion of the vulgar, but if they gainsay it, I cannot help it.

Likewise (saith this Love-simplician) did you know what it is to be a fool in such occasions, you would confesse that all the wisdom in the world is not comparable to this pleasing folly; were you able to comprehend it, you would never aske what pleasure and contentment those faithful Lovers (whom you phrase melancholy and pensive) do receive; for you then would know that they are so ravished in the contemplation of the party whom they love and adore, as scorning all that is in the whole Universe; they do not repent of any thing more, then the losse of that time, which they spend any where else; and their souls not being well able to contain the grandure of their contentment, they stand astonished at so much treasure, and so many felicities which transcends their knowledge. But I am so far from thinking them *felicitous*, as my opinion of the contrary is much fortified.

Had I a quill pluck'd from Cupids wing, and dip'd in the milke of Kenna, I could not record all the delights Lovers take in displaying the beauty of their Mistress, with obsequious Hyperboles, and things most excellent, comparing their eyes to those of night, to the Sun, and call them *spheres of light*, flaming and strongly enkindling all others, they compare her to a *spring*, as the

the morning, to the *Snow*, *Lily*, *Rose*, to the white  
 nestle of the *Swan*, sometimes to the *Myrtle*, some-  
 times to *Gold*, *Rubies*, *Diamonds*, *Crystal*, sometimes  
 they parallel her with the *Heavens*, the *Spring*, and  
 whatsoever is in any degree excellent; and yet, they  
 think those but beggerly similitudes, and would go  
 higher if they could tell how. They suppose their  
 cheeks two fair gardens planted with the choicest flowers  
 of *Paradise*, making the *Lily* and the *Rose* as obscure  
 types and shadows of those delicate tinctures laid on  
 their blooming cheeks by nature's pencil. They imagine  
 their necks towers of *Alabaster*, their breasts hillocks  
 of *snow* inlaid with *saphires*, their mouths musicks  
 temple deckt with rails of *pearl*, their voices the *Harmony*  
 of the *spheres*. And these they count as *saint Meta-*  
*phors* of them, to represent whom (in their  
 thoughts) words are too narrow, and freshest colours  
 too dim.

Oh! how *She-lovers* fry under the torrid zone of  
 Love, hourly in that *Elixirum*, quenching and renewing  
 their heats, and letting themselves loose to the free-  
 dome of unconstrained embraces. Expressing themselves  
 in these or such like Raptures, viz. My Dearest, unlessse  
 thou be'st frosty spirited, unlessse *Alecto's* cold poison fills  
 thy veins, Ile melt thee into amorous thoughts, and speak  
 charms to all thy senses, and make thee all flame. And  
 thus they besiege and seek to storme *Loves-fort*, with  
 whole volly of obediential Orbes, and the hollow  
*Granado's* of complement; crying out to their obstinate  
*Sweet-hearts*, to tell them (for *Loves sake*) if it be not  
 better and more lovely to be intwin'd in their folding  
 arms, freely enjoying their embraces, like *Lillies* im-  
 prisoned in goales of *snow*, or *Rubies* in bands of  
*Alabaster*, then to lie muffled in furs like a bed-ridden  
 Miser? They lie open to the touch, the warm snow  
 and

and soft polish'd Ivory of their *breasts*, which excels in softness the ranging clouds, the *Indian* cotton, and in sleekness the smoothest cut *Diamond*, and these are lures to catch *huggards*.

Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,  
Nor doth it grieve them slaying to be slain.

Now to return again to our *Love's weather-beaten* *widgeon*, he hugs and embraces all his *Mistresses* friends and followers, her picture and what ever she wears he adores as a relique, her *Dog* he makes his constant companion, feeding him at his table, verifying the proverb, *Love me love my Dog*. If he get a Ring, a Ribband, a shoe-tie, her Garter, a Bracelet off hair of hers, he wears it (*ut pignus amoris*) for a favour about his arme, in his hat, finger or next his heart. How many of such like, would not let to hazzard their very souls for their *Mistresses* sake? forsake heaven with *Venus* for the love of an *Adonis*? There is no Man so pusillanimous, so very a dastard, whom *Love* would not incense, making an heroical spirit; For (saith Sir, *Phil. Sydney*) they imagine that Valour towards Men, is an emblem of ability towards Women, a good quality signifying a better. Nothing drawes a Woman like to it. Nothing is more be-hooveful for that sex; for with it they receive protection, and in a free way too without any danger. Nothing makes a shorter cut to obtaining; for a Man of armes is always void of ceremony, which is the wall betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, that is, Man and Woman; for there is no pride in Women, but that which rebounds from our own baseness (*as Cowards grow valiant upon those that are more Cowards*) so that only by our *pale asking* we teach them to deny, and



and by our *shamefacednesse* we put them in minde to be modest. This kinde of *bashfulnesse* is far from Men of valorous dispositions, and especially from Souldiers; for such are ever Men (without doubt) forward and confident, losing no time, lest they should lose opportunity, which is the best *factor* for a Lover. And because they know Women are given to *dissemble*, they will never believe them when they *deny*. They will defend their Mistresses even in a wrong and unjust cause; for from the first moment that they fastened their *affections* upon that object, they prize it above their *own proper essence*, and therefore how justly soever an injury or violence may be offered unto it, they think no injustice in themselves to defend it; or because winking at the wrong offered their *Sweet hearts*, they make themselves unworthy of their *grace*. Plato is of opinion that it was the Love of *Venus*, made *Mars* courageous and valorous: and (truly) who would not be valorous to fight under such colours? Before this cowardly age, there was no way known to win a Lady but by *rising and mornig*, and *riding*, to seek adventures through *dangerous Forrests*; in which time these slender small bon'd striplings with little legs, were held but of strength enough to *marry* their *widowes*. And even in our days there can be given no reason of the inundation of Servingmen upon their Mistresses, but only that usually they carry their Masters weapons, and their valour. It is better to be admitted to the title of valiant acts; at least that imports the venturing of mortality; and all Women delight to hold him fast in their armes, who hath escaped thither through many dangers. To speak at once, Man hath a priviledge in valour. In *clothes and good face*, we do but imitate Women. So then these *whissing kips*, these Women in Mens apparel, are too neer a Woman to be beloved  
of



of her. A *scar* in a Mans face, is the same that a *mole* is in a Womans, and a *mole* in a Womans face, is a jewell set in white, to make it seem more white; so a *scar* in a Man is a mark of honour, and no blemish; for 'tis a scar and a blemish in a Souldier to be without one. A good face availeth nothing, if it be on a Coward that is bashful, the utmost of it is to be *kiss*, which rather *increaseth*, then *quencheth* the appetite. She cares not for a Man that wooes by Letters; and through cowardlynesse dares not come into her company; no Woman takes advice of any in her *loving*, but of her own eyes, and her waiting maids; and there is no clothes fits so well in a Womans eye as a suit of steel, though not of the fashion; and no Man so soon surpriseth a Womans *affections*, as he that is the subject of whisperings, and hath alwayes some twenty stories of his own achievements depending upon him.

There is one Love-simplician who is so led by the nose into *fools Paradise*, that if he see an *handsome maid* smile and laugh upon him, or shew a pleasant countenance, or look (*obliquis oculis*) alquint upon him, or use some gracious words, or amorous gestures (as many are too full of) he applies it all to himself; as done in his favour, thinking that surely she *loves* him; to the Tavern he runs, looks big, erects his Mouchatooes, stamper, starer, and calls the Drawer Rogue, drinks to his *Venter* in a Venice-glass, and thinks he sees the smile she gave him in it, and to moralize her sex, throwes it over his head and breaks it. This fellow is like to *Mullidor* (in *Greenes never too late*) who said to his Mother, that he compared the Church to a looking-glasse, for as a Man may see himself in the one, so in the other the wenches eyes are a Certificate; for upon whom you see all the Girls look, he for so, and  
face

*face* carries away the bell, *Phyllida solus dabet*: And I am sure (sayes he) for these two years I never came into the Church, and was no sooner set, but the Maids began to winke one upon another, to look on me and laugh. Oh! war Mother, when a Dog wags his tail he loves his Master, and when a wanton laughs, for my life, she is over head and ears in Love.

Another Gull seeks to win his Mistresses affection with gallant and costly apparell, putting all he hath on his back, thinking Women are married to fine clothes; making his Taylor his *Bande*, and hopes to inveigle her love with such a coloured suit; surely the same Man hazards the losse of her favour upon every change of his clothes. Another with an affected poe. Another with *Musick*. Another with *rich gifts*, and *pleasant discourse*. Another with *Letters, Rhetoric, and Promises*, to be gracious in her eyes, struts like a Peacock, with his train before her.

But there are many other, who every moment declare their *servour*, their *torment*, and *martyrdom*; they serve, they sooth, they continually frequent, they spee out all occasions, they silently practise all the ways they can, to come to the end of their designs; and often it happeneth, that as drops of water incessantly falling, do hollow Rocks; so ceaselesse Complements soften the most inaccessible rigors. Yet some are so foolishly overcome, as to waste ten years of service to kisse a Womans hand, and suffer for a shameful servitude, that, which (I professe) I would not endure one year for an Empire.

*Fond Novices*, you pule, and continually strive to please your Mistresses, which is the only way to make her flie you, nothing so riting and tedious; such as thus love, must needs perpetually be imprisoned, never

in liberty; always present; continually talking with her, she cannot stir a foot, but you must do the like; if she chance to be any time ill, or frown, and do but smile upon you, not please you; then must you forsooth put the finger in the eye and cry, cry tears, Do you think this is the way? no; no, but in Love as in all things else, the mean is the best measure; to avoid all frivolous follies and troubles (as they are no other when you have made the best of them) the only way is but to love indifferently; and if you will be fully sooth, and must needs have Mistresses, your best way is never to tie yourself to one; for to love one only, gives her an occasion to think that it is for want of courage, that you dare not attempt to love any else; and therefore she will scorn such a faint-hearted Love; whereas, did you love all you look upon (or at least a good many of them) she will not think you came to her; because you know not whither to go else; but she will then push you the higher, and will be obliged to love you; especially if you particularize her above any others; and once a week in often enough to render your service to her; for, oftener is a palpable doing.

But because I say a mediocrity in Love is the best, (as she thinks) I see one of these melancholy Lovers, seeing a frowning, cast, Saturnine face upon her; Objecting, that he that loves not in the highest point of certainty, does not love her for; he that can be indifferent (and love all alike) cannot love one as he ought to do; or he that can measure, or think any greater than his own, is not a Lover worth a rush; for to enjoy a mediocrity in Love, is to impose an impossibility. And then (poor soul) he shakes his head at me, saying, Ah, you little know

what belongs to Love: and when having recovered his  
 breath, for (through the vehemency of anger towards  
 me) he had almost lost it, he begins to object again,  
 saying, Those effects which belong to an *untrue*  
*Love*, and one that knows what Sacrifice and  
 Duties belong unto the *Altars of Love*, is so  
 far from calling those effects, *troubles*, or *illies*  
 (as you term them) as they think them *joys*  
 and perfect contentments. Likewise he saith, that  
 Love is to die in ones self, that he may live in another.  
 Never to lose any thing but what is pleasing and  
 agreeable to the party *loved*. This will easily be  
 transformed into a right *opinion* in a *Mistake*. And  
 can you think (saith he) that one who *loves* thus  
 will ever be troubled with the presence of her whom  
 he *loves*. If you did but know what it is to *love*,  
 you would never think that he who *loves*, can do any  
 thing to his displeasure. If he chance to commit any  
 fault, the fault is self pleasurable, considering with what  
 impulsion it was committed. The very desire of being  
 equalled has such a vigour in a right *Love*, as though  
 he be rough to the World in general, yet will he be sure  
 to soothe and spruce up himself towards her he *loves*.  
 Nay, he thinks himself in the Orchard of *Adonis*, or the  
*Elizium* field, if he enjoy her company, he is so taken  
 with delight, and these, and an hundred such like  
 whimsical *Chymies*, but *loving* Lovers conceive, and  
 do affect, as vain glorious humor, which *Lovers* use to  
 attribute to themselves, and it is to be repudiated  
 from. They suffer themselves wholly to be led by  
 lust, and are so far from repressing these rebellious  
 inclinations, that they give all encouragement unto  
 them, leaving the reins, and using all provocations to  
 further them: bad by name, worse by art, education,  
 and a private will of their own; they follow on to the  
 lover

Forever their *unbridled passion* will mislead them,  
doing all out of *self-love*, casting reason at their heels;  
this *passion* and of their perverted Judgement, which  
feels and knows what should and ought to be done,  
and yet will not do it. Drives to their *self* and *passion*,  
they precipitate and plunge themselves into a *Laby-  
rinth* of care, blinded with *self*.

For her they do depart even from their reason,  
Bids welcome unto *Manacles* and *Prison*;  
In sharpest torments think themselves at ease,  
So they thereby their fair Saint shall please,  
And all without expectation of reward;  
Love her is the honour they regard.

But if this be Love, heaven shield us from it, and  
preserve our eyesight.

This *Love* adhereth to *heat*, and redoubleth its  
force by *hope*, which inflames with the lost and gentle  
sire thereof our *sensible* *passion*, kindleth in our *sinners*  
a fire from whence ariseth a thick smoke, which blind-  
eth our *understanding*, carrieth with it our *thoughts*,  
holds them hanging in the clouds, and makes us  
*dream* waking.

Although she be all sovereignty,  
As high as heaven, and be a Deiry:  
Yet still my high-blown *hopes* will have the glory,  
To outstrip her far beyond all story.

If you narrowly survey the *Palace* of this *amorous*  
*passion* (the plague and frenzie of the soul) you shall  
find

finde it to be built all upon *hopes*. The *States* are of  
*ice*, made in such wise, that he who most ascendeth,  
 most descendeth; the *Halls*, *Chambers*, and *Warehouses*,  
 are all furnished and hanged with *idleness*, *dreams*,  
*desires* and *inconstancies*; the *Seats* and *Chairs* are  
 made of *false contentment*. It hath *effusion*, *torment*, and  
*frailty* for *engineers*; *uncertainty*, *fear*, *false opinion* and  
*distrust* for *guard*. The *Court* being all composed of  
*heartlesse*, *soft*, and *effeminate men*; the *Counsellors* are  
*lying* and *deceit*; and the *Steward*, *suspicion*. It is a  
 play-game wherewith *Nature* busieth our *minde*;  
 contrarywise when *despair* is once lodged near us,  
 it torments our *souls* in such a sort, with an opinion of  
*never obtaining* that we desire, that all business be-  
 sides must yield unto it. And for the *love* of that  
 which we think never to obtain, we lose even the rest  
 of whatsoever we possess. This *passion* is like unto  
 little children, who to be revenged of him who hath  
 taken one of their play games from them, cast the rest  
 into the fire. It is angry with it self, and requi-  
 reth of its self the punishment of its own folly  
 and (seeming) felicity; and hence it is, that  
 many *dissuade* of ever having them whom they  
*affect*, make themselves away either by strang-  
 ling or drowning, or some such like miserable  
 end, or continually deploring their disastrous con-  
 dition.

Plant me where nothing grows but cruelty  
 Amongst Lions, Bears, and other Savage Beasts;  
 To see if they that mercy will deny,  
 Which I in vain implore from humane breasts.



How justly are those cruel Ladies to be condemn-  
ed, who being rich in beauty (scorning us) suffer  
their loyal admirers to die for love of them unsuited.  
They are so nice they scorn all suitors, crucifie their  
poor admirers, and think no body good enough for  
them, as doing to please, as *Daphne* herself; they take  
a pride to pricke up themselves, to make young men ena-  
mored: but 'tis a lamentable thing to see a silly soul  
so profuse of Love, as to confer it upon such in-  
grate and disdainful Women; as if one took delight  
to feed and flatter Owles. And on the other side  
(to make neither barrel better herring) some young  
men are so obstinate, and as curious in their choyse,  
and tyrannically proud, insulting, deceitful and false  
hearted. Therefore let these go together, for love and  
hanging go by destiny.

Yet there are some feminine humours so tractable,  
that they are won with a small increary; accord-  
ing to that of the *Comedian*, Such rape thou shalt  
upon my soul, and with such pleasing violence dost in-  
force it, that when it should resist, it tamely yields; mak-  
ing a kinde of haste to be undone, as if the victory  
were lost, and conquest came by overthrow.

Wounded with Love, they yeeld up Nature's treasure,  
To be all ransackt at the victors pleasure.

There are others, who are more taken with a  
soothing observance, or handsome congie making, their  
all the fair qualities or good parts can be in a Man,  
or the faithfullest service can be rendered them.  
There are others, who lay snares and keep alwayes a  
kinde of order in the receipt of such as they intend to

in register is the number of their subjects. But at length, this *Idiot* fire kindles in them, and then are they unable to suffer the absence of their *Love*; yet modesty will not suffer them to intrude into his presence, they desire with all impatience to see him, yet shun all occasions of seeing him, seeking and fearing in one and the same time to meet him, a troublesome passion, that brings them to will and not to will, in the same time one and the same thing. She is pensive and sick till she see him, discontent, heavy, sad, and why comes he not? where is he? why breaks he promise? why staid he so long? sure he is not well; he hath some mischance certainly, he forgets himself, and me. And when he comes, then with a seeming coyne she looks upon him, with a cold look, though she be all flames within.

Some are as *Supple*, who was subtle so allure, and slippery to deceive, having their hearts made of wax, ready to receive every impression, not content till they have so many *Lovers* in their hearts, have currants for *Love*, their hearts being like *Panice*, *flame*, light and full of holes.

Some are as inconstant as *Cressida*, that, be *Troilus* never so true, yet out of sight out of mind; and so soon as *Diomed* begins to court, she like *Venetian traffick*, is for his penny currant, a *currendo*, fleeing coyne; passable from man to man in way of exchange.

Others are as *Lysia* cruel, whose hearts are hammer'd in the forge of pride, thinking themselves too good for all, (when as in truth they are too bad for any) and none worthy of them.

and

and oft times holding allday with the *Beard*, his  
 a sight contented with a Cowherd or a Soldier.  
 These have eyes as *Hawks*, that are yet justicall  
 to every object, and hearts of *Adamant* not any  
 way to be pierced, braver ad how *fair* *maiden* love  
 Some are as if they were voracies unto *Venus*,  
 and at their activities had no other influence, take  
 no pleasure but in *amorous* passions, no delight  
 but in *admirable* of *love*, wearing *Cupid's* wings  
 with *Rose-water*, and tricking up *him* Quiver  
 with sweet perfumes, they set out their faces,  
 as *Fowls* doe their *Daring* glasses, that the  
*Parke* that fore highest may stoop lowest, as soon  
 as the *pear* *loving* *foote* are wrapped within the  
*net*, then they see with signes and plead with  
*Sonnet*, *sign* *verses*, and paint out passions to  
 with her, that seeming to be coy domed as the first  
 lute.

There are others taken as *School* boyes catch  
*Squirrels*, hunting them up and down till they be weary  
 and fall down before them.

All tucked in pure love languidly sweet,  
 Shee los her self fall in the *Victors* feet.

The coyest she that is may be won by fair  
 opportunity, being the strongest plea in the Court  
 of *Love*, able to overthrow her be she never so  
 coy (for it is more easie for some *Maiden* to  
 suffer themselves to be martyred by *Tyrants* in  
 defence of their Chastity, then (if opportunity,  
 pleasing courtship and importunity serve) not to

yield that to a Lover, which they would have denied to an Executioner; and there are some so strongly inclined by Nature, and assailed with such violent temptations, that if they resist and become victors over passion, may well be recorded among noble and heroick Women; yet time may be so elected, that he that takes it wisely, shall be sure never to misse: he that can temper toys with art, she being in a merry vein, may being that Lover which swimmeth in her eyes, to dive into her heart; but other times they are so squemish & so skittish, and demure, that one may better catch and tame a wilde Horse, then win their favour; no not a look, nor a smile, nor a kiss for a Kingdome: this being one of their subtile arts, as one wittily saith, *Quoniam natura de arte erant summissima, ista jactant esse tanto speciosior videbat, quod enim oculis caput agnoscitur, multo magis affectus humanos intravit.* Though I was by Nature and Art most beautifull, yet by those tricks, I seemed to be far more amiable then I was; for that which Men earnestly seek and cannot attain, draw on their affections with a most furious desire. And to gull their Lovers the more, and fetch them over, they will shew them Rings, Gloves, Scarves, &c. saying, that such a Gallant sent them, when there is no such matter, but merely to circumvent them. O the subtility of Women to whet their Lovers appetite! they will fall out and quarrell with them on set purpose, pick quarrels upon no occasion, because they would be reconciled unto them again, according to the old Grammar rule, *Amantem non est amoris gratia*

gaid of. The falling out of *Shrew* is a showing  
of love, as *Shrew* is a showing of love.

The blunt Country wench did as she usually do  
she could expresse her self in these words. There  
is something runs in my mind, I wish it were  
out; but I wish somebody loved me, as well as  
I love somebody. Poor girl, she is milking,  
walking, and working, still something troubles  
her: at last she cries out, Hai-ho, for an hus-  
band, a bad husband, nay the worst that ever  
was is better then none. How earnestly do they  
seek marriage and are never well till they have  
effected it! O how sweet is the contemplation  
of marriage to them! And likewise we Bachel-  
lours, when we see and behold those angelical  
faces, observe their pleasant gestures and graces,  
lend an ear to their Siren-like Songs, see them  
dance, &c. we think their conditions are as fine as  
their faces, we are taken with dumb signes, we  
rave, we burn, and how gladly would we be  
married? but when we feel the cares and mis-  
eries of it, then we wish to be single again; as the  
flour goes of a *Good-fellow*, which whilest he was a  
Bachelor, was a Boon companion, and would  
spend his money freely, and therefore with his  
hostels he was termed a *Good-fellow*; but so it hap-  
pened, that at length he was married, and coming  
not so frequently to his Hostels as formerly, nor  
spending his cash so freely when he came, was by  
one of them demanded the reason of this his un-  
wonted strangeness and great change; who replying  
said, I am now married; why then quoth she,  
Thou art now an honest man; but he sighingly  
made answer in these words, Ha, but if I were  
once

over a Good-fellow again, I would never be his honest  
Man while I lived. If this be true, as some one  
of disinterested experience will inform us; fare-  
well wiving for my part. But to put a period  
to this Section; Volumes would not be sufficient  
for him, who should write all the papers which  
daily write as members from this paper, all pens  
would be weak, words would be dried up, and wit  
lost therein.



the Affections of a living Man, since they so long  
remain: hole of dead bones; increasing such De-  
cayes, as to gain another Mans money, doe  
willingly bestow some of their own. O her  
vert: I wish she (retaining her Love to her  
new Husband) how doe I return his love, and  
have over to her.

The Power and Effects of Love in  
Widowes.

him every minute of his low time still making  
him a good Man a good husband to draw away out  
of the world? worth to be buried in the earth  
light in the world of them for by them

**R** Father, I pray thee smile, but do not leave at  
my curiosity in describing the Effects of  
Love in Widowes (who, like Herodias  
Hersel-clothes, serve so many Funerals, with a  
linde altering the colour) and the wylie lures they  
lay to bring on their Sakers. It would make a  
Dog laugh to hear how they will belie their age,  
saying, they are little past 30 when they have  
scarce a tooth in their heads. As one reports  
who loved a Widow of 50 years of age, she  
swore she was but 30 the next December, and tis  
a thing more familiar with stile Bachelours, but  
*Venus has perjuris ridet: Venus* laughs at chole  
perjuris. *claudius* and *chodius* who up hold ydrie

They will artificially discourse of their former  
Husbands, saying, they have no memory of life,  
unless it be to think of, and to live in his  
thinking thereby to engage their Lovers the more,  
and to let them see how much they doe desire  
to be beloved, in shewing them how capable they  
are of Love, and how much they can cherish  
the

the affections of a living Man, since they so long retain those of dead bones; imitating such Deceivers, as to gain another Mans money, doe willingly deposite some of their own. O heavens! saith she, (relating her Love to her former Husband) how doe I resent his losse, and have ever since preserv'd so lively a memory of him in my soul (for I did love him with most perfect *affection*) that me thinks I see him every hour before mine eyes, and me thinks I hear him every minute bid me love him still; making a dead Man a ground bait to draw *Smivers* on; delighteth in the multitude of them; for by them she gainer: one serves to draw on another, and with one at last she shoots out another, as boyes do pellets in Bladder-guns.

She has a trick to commend to them a single life; just as Horse-couriers do their jakes to put them away. While she is a Widow (observe her) she is no morning Woman; the evening and a good fire may make her listen to a Husband; but if ever she be made sure, 'tis upon a full stomach to bedward.

They (all of them) are full of suspicion of their *Lovers*, extremely jealous; lest they be deceived by young wenches, exceeding hard to be won, and very easily lost, quickly offended, but abominably hard to be pleased.

Really, I admire at those Men, who take delight to Court Widows. What a fantastick stomach must he needs have, that cannot eat of a dish of meat, till another have eat of it? Who would wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking? or what

The Pursuivant of Love  
a pitiful thing is it, for a Man that is about to  
go a long journey, to be tied to Ride on a Beast  
that is but tied to his hand. Men will say  
he is benighted, and is now glad at any Link.  
Therefore I will now never so marry any Adven-  
turer that has had other Incumbents: for he that  
takes her, has but a Reversion in rate, and if she  
prove good, he may thank Death for his sin, if  
evill, upbraid him, and not unjustly for his  
occasion. But hold, a Church-man she dares not  
venture upon, for she hath heard Widowers com-  
plain of dilapidations. Never (with the Philoso-  
pher) drink of that Fountain another hath dyed  
in.

Wherefore it is a resolution of the *Spaniard*, of  
what mean quality soever he be, he will not marry a  
Widow, although she be very young and wealthy, and  
it hath been a resolution of theirs from antiquity,  
and continueth to this day: and to this effect one of  
them made this answer,

I will no Widow wed, my reason's found,  
I'll drink no water wherein one was drown'd.

He that takes her halfe worne, makes ac-  
count she hath that will pay for new dressing; she  
seems to promise security in her peace, yet  
invites many times to a troublesome estate; when  
the conquest achieved, scarce countervails the  
Wars, the principall of her love is perished with  
the use.

But

## The Power and Effects of Love.

to this (indeed) such Widows were ordained  
for younger Brothers; for they being born  
in Lands, must plough in the same. But  
but I have seen more than one for this  
having passed a half year upon their  
chairs. Wherefore I will proceed on the  
next Chapter: and deliver to you the  
proofs, he may think Death for his  
it will upbraid him, and not assist for his  
occasion. But hold, a Churchman he dares not  
venture upon, for he hath heard Widows com-  
plain of dilapidations. Never (with the Philo-  
sopher) drink of that fountain another hath dyed

Wherefore it is a resolution of the spirit, of  
what mean quality, loever he be, he will not marry.  
Widow, although she be very young and wealthy, and  
it hath been a resolution of theirs from marriage,  
and continued to this day: and to this effect one of  
them made his will.

I will no Widow wed, my reason's found,  
I'll drink no woe, wherein one was drown'd.

But this takes her, that takes her, takes her  
count the pain that will pay for new dwelling; she  
seems to promise liberty in her place, yet  
travels many times to a troublesome state; when  
the conduct is over, leave, contrary to  
What, the practical of her love is perfild with  
the me.

in their countenances, as it were, in a book; ac-  
cording to that;

How true it is, that with face not to deceive;

## The Signes of Love.

**H**AVING entered thus, far within this melancholy  
Dewy territory; It is our purpose to let be-  
fore thee (Concious Reader) in this Section (as  
in a glass) a cleare representation and image of a  
Love-sick soul, and an account of those various passions,  
and effusions Lovers have, as few Books of this nature  
do, so copiously demonstrate. Love though it be  
never so close and kept private, may be discovered, if  
prudence and artifice be used. Yet I with every one,  
who deposits his judgement in the discovering of  
an enamour'd, not rashly to give credit to one testi-  
mony of singular signs, but jayn many, and con-  
sider them together for the perfection of your judg-  
ment; therefore Aristotle adviseth, *Uni signi assen-  
dum, sed pluribus inter se collatis*. And first, how it may  
be discovered by *Physiognomie*.

We commonly call *Physiognomie* the science, where-  
by Men judge of the nature, complexion and manner  
of every one, by the contemplation of all the members  
of the body, and chiefly of the face and countenance;  
but there is no *Physiognomie* so certain, as that we are  
about to touch, whereby Men may be easily con-  
vinced of that which they think to hide in their  
hearts, which notwithstanding is quickly discovered

in

in their countenances, as if we read it in a Book; according to Ovid;

*Non quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!*

How hard is it a fault with face not to bewray?

And to the same effect, the wise man saith, Eccles. 13. 26. *Cor hominis immutat faciem sive in bono sive in malo:* The heart of Man changeth his countenance, whether in good or evill; for in anger and fear we see Men, with extreme pall or high colour'd; in melancholy and sadness, the eye is heavy; in joy and pleasure, the motion of the eye is free and pleasant, according to the Divines, *Cor gaudens cubilatis oculis;* A rejoicing heart maketh merry the face. And it is a received opinion, that *Vultus est index animi;* the countenance is the discoverer of the minde. So that one affirmeth that those that are in Love, *semper commutari* have a continual motion or working with their eyes. These are signs of this passion, which may be observed by the Poets so often representing unto us Lovers weeping and lamenting; because Love is delighted in tears; but this sign is not predominant, nor very certain, especially in Women, who have the command of their tears, and can unsuade the floodgates of their eye when they please, *non enim lacrimas habet oculus, sed quod vult*.

But as this passion enters first into the inward parts by the eyes; so they find forth the first assured and undoubted tokens of the same (for there is no passion but some particular gesture of the eye declare it): So soon as ever the malady hath seized upon the patient, it catcheth a certain kind of most soft cast of the eyes, but if it begin to get strength upon



upon the party, then the eyes begin to grow hollow and dry, and you may observe them to stand, as if they were in some deep contemplation, or else were fixed in beholding something that much delights them. Jonadab discovered by the languishing countenance of Amnon, Davids son, that he was in love with some great Printesse or personage. The hair of his eye-browes stand upright and grow hard, he rubs his eyes very much as though he were sleepey, he rubs his eyes much. His eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his Mistresses complexion, or to keep Aspid from hitting the black.

Hair growing thick behind the ears, and besides the temples, is a signe of a vehement inclination to love. Valisens de Tarona the most famous Physician of his age, observes the chopping of lips in Women to be a signe of their inclination to this malady; for that it denotes the intemperate heat of the matrix. They cannot endure to look any in the face, because they think, that through their eyes they see their hearts.

His loves are carelesly used, as if their best use were nothing but imbecillities. He is untrusty, unbuttoned, ungartered, not one of carelesnesse, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Her favours lift him up as the Sun doth moisture; when the disfavours, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears. If you aske him a question, he answers not, or not to the purpose; and no wonder, for he is not at home, his thoughts being gone a wool-gathering with his Mistresse. Struggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream-walking. Speak to him, he hears with his eyes, as follows his mind, and that's not at leisure.

Quid scik, that palenelle is a constant colour with  
 Leuere. as I have of you, which you say but, yit

*Pallida enim amant, color hic est apud amantem.* ni

One tumbles at the sight of his *Mistresse*, tremes  
 words, palpitations of the heart; another sweats,  
 blows short, his heart is at his mouth, hees, he  
 burns, freezes, and sometimes through violent agita-  
 tion of the spirits bleeds to death. He desires nature her  
 due in sleep, and payes her with watchfulness; he lies  
 upon a bed of thornes, he has no order or equality in  
 all in his gestures, motions or actions; he thinks of  
 business, but never does any; he is all contemplative  
 and no action; nothing pleases him long, but that  
 which pleases his own fancy. They are the confu-  
 sing evils, and still consumptions, that consume  
 him alive. He perpetually sighes to the hazard  
 of his humors, and complains without any evident  
 cause.

But soul, he is inflam'd with fire of Love, all  
 So violently hot, as they demov'd garden  
 His pulse to beat. A Madman's temper, he  
 Does sigh, does weep, and half dead in his  
 And ever in such violenties swell,  
 As ask him what he ailes, he cannot tell.

As the old Woman caricized her Son *Mullider*,  
 Thy cheek, art lean, and now thou looks like *Eskan*  
 pale and wan, I saw thy stock to night, thou art now  
 thinne own skin; thou hadst of late (God save thee)  
 a lovely plump pale of cheek, and now thou looks like  
 a shotten Herring. Tell me *Mullider*, and fear not  
 to tell me, for thou tellest it to thy Mother, what ailest  
 thou?

thou art full a grief of body, or of mind, that keeps thee on the Holy-dayes from frisking at the foot-ball; thou art not as thou wert wont, and therefore say what thou wilt; and thou shalt see old Women have good counsell. At these speeches of his Mother, *Mullid* fetched a great sigh; and with that, being after supper, he brake winde; which his Mother hearing, Oa Son (quoth she) it is the Colick that troubles thee, to bed thou, to bed; and we will have a warme Pot-lid. The Colick Mother, 88, is a disease that all the cunning Women in the Country cannot cure, and strangely it holds me; for sometimes it holds me in my head, and sometimes in mine eyes; my heart, my heart, all there (Mother) it plays the Devill in a Morter; sometimes it is like a filthy cold; sometimes like a fire, hot; when I should sleep, then it makes me wake; when I should eat, it makes trouble my stomach; when I am alone, it makes me cry right-on; I can wet one of my new Lutteran napkins with weeping. It came to me by a great chance; for as I looked on a fair flower, a thing I know not what, crept in at mine eyes, and ran round about all my veins, and at last got into my heart, and there ever since hath remained, and there (Mother) so wrings me that *Mullid* must die, and with that he fell on weeping. His Mother seeing him shed tears, fell to her hempen apron, and wip't her bearded eyes, and at last demanded of him if it were not Love. At that question, he hung down his head and sighed. All my Son (quoth she) now I see 'tis Love; for he is such a fiesking fellow, that if he but leap in at the eye-lid, he dives down into the heart, and there rests as cold as a stone, and yet touch him and he will frock.

*Erastus* discovered the love of *Anisochus* to his Step-mother, for so soon as ever she entered the Chamber, his colour changed, his speech stopped, his looks were pleasant, his face burned, and he was all in a sweat, his pulse beat very disorderly, and lastly his heart failed him; with other such like symptoms, which are wont to appear in *melancholy loves*. *Galen* saith, that by these forementioned signes joyned together, he discovered the miserable doting of the wife of *Julius* upon *Pylades*, because saith he, at the naming of *Pylades*, her colour changed from white to red, and from red to white, *alternis vicibus*, her pulse beat unequally and with divers motions. It is undeniable but that a passionate Lover may be known by the pulse, by reason of the stirrings of the spirits; for which cause, saith *Avicen*, if one would know the name of such a ones Mistress, he must feel his pulse, and at the same instant name the parry whom he suspects to be the cause of his malady, and take some occasion or other to commend her beauty, sweetness of behaviour, attire, or qualities of the minde; for at the same time, *Pulsus diversificabitur in varietate magna, & fiet similis interfectis*; you shall perceive (saith he) a strange alteration in the motion of the pulse, and it will be very unequal, swift and often interrupted.

Mr. *Burton* in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* saith, the best conjectures are taken, from such symptoms as appear when the parties are both present, all their speeches, amorous glances, actions, and gestures will bewray them, they cannot contain themselves, but they will be still kissing, joyning hands, treading on one anothers toes, embracing, pinching, diving into their bosoms, &c. Though it be so that they cannot come neerer and have the opportunity to dally, yet if they be

in present, their eyes will betray them: *ubi amor, ibi oculi*, where I look I like, and where I like I love. They will be still gazing, staring, minking, nodding, stealing faves, smiling and glancing at her, with much eagernesse and greedinesse, as if their eyes should never be satisfied with seeing her.

It is affirmed by some, that those that are sick of *Love melancholy*, are generally *lean* throughout the whole body, *facit amorem marium*, as well by reason of their little eating and drinking, as also for their bad digestion, by reason that the spirits, and natural heat are withdrawn from the stomach to the brain. Another will have *leannesse* to be caused in a *Lover*, by reason of too much inattention of the *minde*, *pensiveness* and *melancholy*; the *Lover* loseth the fulnesse of flesh, and good liking of his body, that before he enjoyed. A third will have *leannesse* caused in *Lovers*, by a direction of vitall heat from the circumference to the Center, thereby consuming the vitall spirits, drying the body and causing *leannesse*.

They are troubled with *immoderate watchings, wakings, and sighings*, because in *Lovers* are divers *imaginationes*, and *fancies*, that steal into the brain, and never suffers them to take any quiet repose, whence the brain becomes dry and cold, and if by chance they be surpris'd by any light slumber, which is the provision Nature hath made for the repairing of the animal spirits, which in them are wasted and much impaired, by the violence of their *imagination* and *excessive wakings*; that slumber is attended on by a thousand phantasmes and fearful dreams, so that they awake oftentimes more *discontented, sad, pensive and melancholy* then before; and for the most part they finde

Themselves more tormented sleeping then waking. They are wiled with immoderate *filings*, by reason that they many times are oblivious of drawing their breath, being wholly taken up with the strong imagination that they live either in beholding the beauty of their objects, or else in their absence contemplating on their rare *perfections*, and contriving the means how to come to their *desires*: so that recollecting themselves, Nature is constrained to draw in as much air at once, as before it should have done at two or three times: And such a respiration is called a sigh; which indeed is nothing else but a double respiration. Observe one transfixed with *stupid Love* (whose mind is bewitched, brain disordered, and reason restless) and you shall finde that all he *toldeth*, all he *meditateth on*, all he *speaketh*, all he *dreameth*, is of the creature he *loveth*. He hath her in his head and heart, painted, graved, carved in the most pleasing formes. For her he entereth sometimes into *quakings*, sometimes into *faintings*; another while into *fits of fire*; Ice; he foreth in the *fire*, and instantly is drenched in the *abysses*; he *attendeth*, he *espiereth*, he *fears*, he *hopes*, he *despaires*, he *sighs*, he *blushes*, he *waxes pale*, he *dotteth* in the best company; he *addresses* his *colloquiums* to *Woods*, *Groves* and *Fountains*; he *writeth*, he *blots out*, he *reverteth*, he *lives* like a *splitter* estranged from the conversation of Men: Repose which charmeth all the eares of the World, is not made for him, still this *fiery one*, still this *cruel one*, tormenteth him. Plutarch saith, the heart of a Lover was a City, in which upon time and the same day, were seen *sports* and *banquets*, *dances* and *funerals*.

You shall see another of *Cupids* slaves burden himself with Newes of no value; he makes a secret of every thing, and gives out those for mysteries



mysterie to his Mistresse, which we proclaimed with a trumpet. Another is so extremely open breasted (that you need look for no other signe) he tells all his thoughts, and as if his heart were a sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not out by the spout. He becomes an extreme talker, which proceeds from the influence of the heart; for Placens faith, that Love is naturally a great talker; chiefly when it chanceth to light upon the commendation of those things that are its objects. For that Lovers have a strong desire to induce others to give credence to that whereof themselves are already perswaded; which is, that they love nothing but what is absolutely perfect, both for goodnesse and beauty; and they would willingly have these opinions of theirs confirmed also by all other judgements. He is importunate and insatiable in compliments; he prattles with his friends whilst he hath a fever; he sets ex-voting and tales, wherein he makes himself very facetious, although at the latter end of the discourse, he wakes where the conceit to be laughed at lies. He is very merry, and then within a moment he falls to be very melancholy and extreme sad, pensive and dejected; then by and by he entertains himself with some merry pleasant conceits, and then within a small space of time the contrary; by this weather cock you may perceive in what quarter the winde is. This passion makes him very simple, next door to sottishnesse, and makes him do many ridiculous actions; so that through these follies, he brings to himself a turbulent life, a continual torment, a hasty death, and his salvation doubtful.

All of them are restless, casting their weary d members upon their loathed beds in their solitary Chambers, filling the aire with a thousand throbs and in-

interrupted fighes, sometimes disturbed with the rivalry of others, sometimes afflicted, and fear those manifold mischances that may befall the person beloved: so that the many passions that multiply in the breast of a Lover, do bring with them, an alteration and impairing of the complexion; and sometimes a strange kinde of alteration in the individual essence, from whence doe arise those furies of Love, and potent frenzies, and insensible astonishments, which happen many times to those that love, either because they make not reason the forerunner of their sense, or because they directed not their loves by the rules of wisdom, which teacheth the only means to the attaining of all other virtues. They are guided with the blind Lambe of sense, whilst rambling in the streets, they leave reason sleeping with the Constable. Never aged Alcides, or imbued Orestes, nor fierce Orlando, for his Angelica more than these Roman Lovers, for their imaginary shadowed. You may observe this passion drawn to the life by Virgil in his *Dido Aeneid*, and so his words are quoted.

*Virgil infelix Dido, totaq; vagatur  
intra foveas, &c.*

She was so tormented with the heat of her love, that she ran up and down the City as if she had been distracted. For Lovers through despair of obtaining their desires, through the inflammation of the vitals become melancholy, which is (to speak truth) a madness; for all passions that produce strange and unusuall behaviour, are called by the general terme of madness. And of the severall kinds of madness caused by Love, he that would take the paines might entroll a legion.

By reason of these perturbations of the minde, the blood becomes adust, as in all other violent passions, excepting joy, according to Galen, by which means divers have fallen into strange and desperate diseases, growing foolish, mad, cynical and Whorish. The learned Avicen reporteth in his Chapter de amore, that from this passion proceeds the Green sickness in Women, (which is sometimes accompanied with a gentle Fever, called by our modern Writers an amorous Fever) Suffocations, Head-ach, Epilepsies, and divers other desperate symptoms, which for the most part (saith he) admit neither cure nor mitigation.

The poor innamorato loves to be in melancholy Solitarie places, where he may best contemplate the beauty of his Mistress, and not be obstructed by other objects, where he may best remember any one action of hers; nay, the very place where he last saw her; for love breedeth melancholy, and melancholy requires solitarinesse, and solitarinesse setteth the thoughts on work. Do you think he would change his contentment, for any thing in the whole Universe? he is so jealous and so careful to entertain this very thought, that lest he should make any a sharer with him, he will retire unto the most solitarie and unfrequented places that he can finde: he cares not for the society of Men, or all the delights that Men can devise and use to court with such care, so he may enjoy his own thoughts.

He may be styled an Astronomer, for he fixeth the eye of his meditation upon the wandering Venusian Planet. If you go into his study, you shall finde ten amorous volumes, for one pamphlet of Theologie, and scarce that too. O! how the shelves are stufte with Romances, and his pockets with Songs and Sonnets; he

belongs to be graduate in the university of Venus; he accounts himself already Master in this art in all designs, and thinks long till he be in action; nothing now in his judgement is wanting to complete his degree but a *Pene summum in manu Mariae*.

If you observe a Lover in the presence of his Mistress, you shall see him either *struck dumb*, or when he speaks it is but *stammeringly*, not knowing how to speak. And this is, because the sense of a Lover being too earnestly intent and sealed in the contemplation of the beauty of his Mistress, he doth as it were altogether forget himself, and being lulld asleep in his beloved object; the over vehement intention of the mind, taketh away the outward use of the tongue; for experience the best School-mistress, whilst a Man attentively hearing any delightful music, all his other senses are out of joynt and uselesse, the powers being hindered from their due operation, by the concurrence of the *vital spirits* to that power only, which so attentively worketh; and therefore it is no great wonder, if Men stand as mute as Fishes in the presence of their Mistresses, when they have most need to speak. Or because (as an *Amorist* saith) that a Lover fearing that he should not speak to us may please, and tickle the ears of his Mistress, chooseth rather to be silent (making his tongue more a stick than a hammer till) then to utter his mind imperfectly; and if he dare proceed so far as to open his mouth, still fearing that he cannot speak as he should, nor so eloquently as he would, utters his mind stammeringly and intercepreally. Also at that instant he is of a flushing colour, and looks as though he were drunk, because the object from which his love taketh greatest force being present; he by reason of

the great joy that he feelth in the presence thereof, sendeth forth those lively flames, which being plainly descried in the superficiall parts of the face, do commonly give such a vermilian tincture, that the whole countenance seems to be covered with a flashing kind of ardor, and that by reason of the great store of spirits gathered into that place.

An unfortunate Lover speaks of nothing but his Mistress and his flames, he is alwayes in the fire like the Salamander, he has a perpetual Mourne in his breast; nay, saith he, I will touch a Forrest with my finger, and it will totally burn and waste it. But contrarily, he that prospers and speeds in his love, or gets a pleasing answer from his Mistress, he alwayes shews a merry cheerfull countenance, jocund and laughing, full of spirit, quick eyed, eloquent, and in his whole carriage full of joy and consolation.

This passion cannot be concealed, for amorous passions do prick and wound the hearts of men and women, and therefore provoked by the sharpness of such a spur, they cannot but manifest their grief; for it is some comfort to him that is assailed, to vent that which went in at the eye by the mouth, by the help of his tongue, by sighing, by making complaints to senseless creatures, many times to his bed-curtains.

It requires much subtilty and craft to discover this passion in Women, they conceal and smother it so closely, that they will seem to be in a great fury and hatred, when they most of all love, giving peevish answers, and refuse seemingly the affections presented unto them; but

*Licet ipsa niger,  
Fulvus loquatur quodcumq; teger.*

They

They are like those Physicians and Lawyers, that  
refuse a fee, yet put out their hand to take  
it. Or,

She'll flie away, and yet would faine  
With all her heart be overtaine.  
She will deny, yet seem to danc  
A Lover when she faine would grant.  
She will resist, that you at length  
May seem to vanquish her by strength.  
For thus her honour does ordain,  
She should resist, and yet but faine.

Yea, (*Ladies*) you shall see some of your own sex,  
so surprized with *affection*, as it bursts out into violent  
*extremes*; their discourse is semibrev'd with sighs,  
their talk with tears; they walke desperately forlorn,  
making Woods and Groves their disconsolate comforts.  
Their eyes are estranged from sleep, their weakened  
appetite from repast, their wearied limbs from repose,  
*Melancholy* is their sole melody; they have made a  
contract with grief, till grief bring them to their  
graves. And truly those poor Maids are to be  
pityed, because their own tender hearts brought them  
to this exigent; have either set their *affections* where  
they thought verily they might be *required*, and were  
not; or else where they received like seeming tender  
of *affection*, but afterwards *rejected*; what they wished  
to effect, they could not. So as in time they fall in a  
poor *Melancholy* distemper by giving reins to *passion*,  
till it estrange them from the sovereignty of rea-  
son. I could say more, but modesty will not per-  
mit me.

Yet, some there are, who are not such kinde *souls*,  
nor half so *passionate*, more discreet in their choice, and  
in



in the *passages of Love* more temperate. These will not daigne to cast a loose look upon their *belov'd*; but stand so punctually upon their termes, as if they stood indifferent for their choise, albeit constantly (though privately) resolv'd never to admit of any change. These seem to paint out their *passions* in their colours, or utter their *thoughts* in sighes, or shed one *dispassionate tear* for an *incompassionate Lover*. Their experience hath taught them better notions; they will seemingly flie (as I have said) to make them more eagerly follow, and to take them by whom they are most taken. They can play with the flame and never singe their wings; look *Love* in their face, and preserve their eyes; converse where they take *delight*, and colour their *affection* with a *fained disdain*. These are they who can walke in the clouds to their intimatest friends, making their eyes strangers to their hearts, and conclude nothing more foolish then *love* if discovered, and nothing more wise if artificially shadowed.

Some Artists will undertake to judge who are in *Love* by *Chiromancy*, by the lines of the hand. For say they, If a little crosse be upon the line of life (in the hand) near the angle, it portends *maladies of Love*. Also, if the *table line* joyn it self with the *middle naturall line*, so as both do make an angle, this doth demonstrate one to be variously troubled with *Love*, rendring the parties life very displeasing.

It seems to some (how true it is I know not) to be possible for a man to know whether one be in *Love* or no, by their *natural* and *animal dreams*, if the party will but relate them at his awaking; for the fancy in sleep is most taken up with those things that the minde hath been busied with in the day; according to that in the Poet;

*Judicibus lias, auriga somnia, curam :  
Vanusq; nocturnus meta cavatus Equus.  
Gaudet amari furis, &c.*

The Lawyer pleads in's sleep, the chereful swains  
Manage their prancing couriers o're the plains.  
Lovers dream of their stolen delights, &c.

And indeed dreamers do sometimes so far engage them, as  
they cannot dissemble nor deny them.

They say, that those Lovers who are very melancholy  
through the extremity of this passion, are accustomed to  
horrible and fearful dreams, by reason of the melancholy  
vapors that ascend up into the brain. And because this  
affection of all others doth most disturb, and afflict the  
spirits, and from that disturbance and perturbation these  
monstrous and horrible dreams do arise, so that many  
times by reason of their (little) sleep, they bewray a  
strange kinde of horror and astonishment in their con-  
temperances.

Also, to dream of travelling through Woods, Riding  
in Bushes, and Dryers doth signifie much trouble and  
crosses in love.

To dream of Angling and Fishing signifies a diffi-  
culty, and the party despaires of obtaining the party  
beloved. But to dream of Banquets and Feasts, doth  
signifie the hopes of the party loving, and that his pro-  
ceeding in love shall be prosperous.

To dream of winds, stormes, and showers of rain, doth  
signifie Love passion.

To dream of riding on a tired Horse, or drawing  
water out of a Well, or climbing upon a steep hill, is a  
sign of a vehement Love passion.

To dream of seeing ones Mistresse in a glasse, is an  
infallible

infallible token of Love, and that there shall be reciprocal affection between the parties.

To dream of being a Husbandman or Plowman, to sow, plant, or dig, is a signe of being in Love.

But Sanguine-complexion'd Lovers, use to dream of pleasant and delectable things, as fair Gardens, Orchards, flowers, green meadows, bedeck't with the pride of *Flora*, pleasant Rivers, dreaming that they sit culling and playing with their Sweet-hearts upon their pleasant banks, often thinking they see many little Cupids flying in the aire; and all delightful dreams they say, proceed from an amorous and love-purc'd soul. As to dream of singing or playing on any instrument, doth signifie that Love hath seiz'd upon the party. For if dreams and wishes had been all true, there had not been since *Peper* one Maide to make a *Nun* of. But whether dreams are onely the working of the fancy and imagination, upon such things as have been seen and thought upon, or presages of things future, it is not our present purpose to determine.

We will now see what we can discover in a Love-sick minde, by the sublime science of *Astrology*, maugre all its Antagonists. First diligently inquire whether the party hath had any crosses or troubles which might cause a dejection of the soul in him, and whether they do not suspect the party to be in Love; these being considered then you may safely go on to judgement.

*Saturn* generally signifies melancholy, and by consequence alienation of the minde, madness, &c. and therefore always when you finde him to be significator of the malady, or in the ascendant, or in the sixth house, the sick is afflicted with care and grief, and be sure the Love-sick minde suffers for it.

Also if *Venus* be author of the disease, and the Lady of the ascendant sixth or twelfth house, the distemper comes

comes from Love, or something else of this nature is the cause.

01 If the ☉ or ♃ or Lord of the *ascendant*, or two of them at the least be afflicted, the disease is in the *spirits*, together with an indisposition of the *minde*; the reason whereof is, because the *Lord* of the *ascendant*, and dispositor of the ♃, are properly the *significators* of the *animal faculties*, which do cause infirmities in Man, or which may chance unto him; a deprivation of *sense*, *madness*, or *frenzie* through *Love melancholy*.

*Young Menstruation and Affliction*, argues a great desire to Women, wherewith both *body* and *minds* are

Wherever you find Mercury afflicted and significant, there's doing favors.

If the *Planer* who rules the *sign*, wherein the *Lord* of the *afternoon* is, and he who is *dispositor* of the *3* be infortunate and in their fall, detriment or otherways very much afflicted, the disease reignes and rages in the *minde*.

*At what Age we begin to be in Love.  
What Complexions do best sym-  
patize. What Complexions are most  
subject to this Malady; and at  
what time more then another.*

**I**T is most certain, that there is nothing more im-  
patient of delay then Love, nor no wound more in-  
curable whilst we live. There is no philosopher, no  
age, no condition are more ignorant of it, then of their  
bread, all have a taste of this potion, though it  
have several degrees of operation, and at several  
seasons.

*Look all about you, who so young that loves not?  
Or who so old, a canker feature moves not?*

But the most received opinion is, that Men and Wo-  
men are subject to this passion, as soon as they are en-  
tered into those years in which they come to their  
puberty; which appeareth in Men chiefly by their  
voice, which at that time grows great and hoarse; it  
may be known also in Women by observing their  
breasts,

*breasts*, which about this time begin to *swell* and grow *bigger*, and that for the most part about the age of 12 and 14: so likewise it is the justice of nature, that those creatures that soonest meet their period, do as suddenly arrive at their perfection and maturity; as we may observe in Women, who as they are ripe sooner than Men, so they commonly fail before them.

Some there are that would *deride* and *deride* this power, or *Love* to have any power over them, so long as they are under the age of twenty years; for *Homer* saith, *Love* prick not till such time as the chin begins to *bulge*: which is altogether repugnant to truth and daily examples; for we see many to *rage* furiously before they come to years of *discretion*; especially Women. *Quartilla* in *Petronius* never remembered that she was a Maide. *Rahab* the Harlot began to be a profess Quean at ten years of age, and was but 15 when she hid the spies, as some report. *Do* saith, that in *Africa* one shall scarce finde a Maide at 14 years of age; for when the *modesty* of *Adolescence* (which is betwixt the age of 14 and 25) beginneth to tickle them, and when they have greatest need of a bridle, then they let loose the reins, committing themselves to the subjection of this *passion*.

There are many forward Virgins of our age are of opinion, that this commodity can never be taken up too soon, and howsoever they neglect in other things, they are sure to catch time by the forelock in this; if you aske them this question, they will resolve you 14 is the best time of their age, 11; be not better then that, and they have for the most part, their Mothers example before them to confirme and prove their ability; and this withall they hold for a certain ground, that be they never so little, they are sure thereby to become



become hoſſe; yet let me tell theſe forward Girls, the effects that (moſt commonly) enſue, are dangerous ſickneſſes, diminution of ſtature, brevity of life, and ſuch like.

This paſſion is more tolerable in youth, and ſuch as are in their hot blood; and ſhall I be bold to ſpeak it without offence to the ſole Bachelors, that Love is not properly nor naturally in ſeaſon, but in that age next unto Infancy.

*Nunc gratia juveni Venus.*

Venus to young men is a welcome gueſt.

But for an *unſhrow complexion* to cover glowing ſkies beneath the timber of a *gray beard*; to ſee an *old man* to dote upon Women, what more odious? what more abſurd? yet in ſome this *Midian fire* ſhameſh more in their *old age* then in their *youth*. *Ariſtotle* ſaith, that *old men* are not out of the reach of *Cupid*, nor bid defiance to *Venus* till they have paſſed the age of 50 years. And truly a *gray-head* and a *wanton-beard* are ill ſuited; it is more ridiculous to ſee it in Women then men. It rageſh in all ages; yetts it moſt common and evident among *young and luſty perſons*, in the flower of their age, high red, and living lily; for ſuch as are continually employed, it ſcarce touches them till they come to be 24 or 25 years of age, and then but very lightly, according to the ſpeech of *Lyndamor* to *Pallemus*, that he had arrived to the age of 25 years, before he ever felt any effects, as Love uſeth to produce in hearts of his age. Not but that he was of his naturall inclination as much devoted ſervant unto Ladies, but being continually exerciſed in buſineſſe much different from ſolitude, he had no pleaſure to

let Love sow any seeds in his soul; for ever since he was able to bear armes, moved by a generous instinct, which invites noble spirits unto dangerous enterprises, he was perpetually in wars, where he did most heroically signalize himself.

Some have given two reasons, why youth is more subject to this *illumin'd passion*, then any other age.

The first is, That naturall heat or vigour which is most predominant in youth, provoking him to attempt the greatest of difficulties, rather then suffer the repulse where he affects.

The second is, Want of employment, which begets this distemperature; *Vacua pectore regat amor*, Love playes *hai-day* in an idle person. *Amor omnia cura est sollicitudinis*, saith *Theophrastus*, it is an affliction of an idle minde. Also it fosters it self by a writ of Priviledge in the hearts of young men, who abounding with much bloud, and consequently with great store of Vitall spirits, are more fiery and ardent, making them full of wanton and youthful desires.

I have many times observed a great *supperly* and *affidion* young boys and girls have one to another; and (indeed) there is a pretty pleasing kind of wooing, drawn from a conceived, but concealed fancy, which suits well with these *amorous jaunglings*; they could wish with their hearts, ever to be in the presence of those they *love*, so they might not be seen by them. Might they chuse, they would converse with them freely, consort with them friendly, and impart their trust thoughts fully; yet would they not have their *hastful loves* finde discovery. They would be seen, yet seem obscured; Love, but not disclose it; see whom they *love*, but not be eyed. Yea (which hath struck me into  
more

more admiration) I have known divers, whose unripe years half assured me, that their green youth had never instructed them in the knowledge, nor brought them to conceals of such vanities; excellently well read in *Love Letters*, and prompt enough to shew proofs of their reading in publick places. The *amorous eyes* of *Venus* and *Adonis*, with other *Poems* of like nature, they peruse with such devotion, and retain with such delectation, as no subject can equally delight their unseasoned palates, like those lighter discourses, to which I have

If this power begin in infancy, and so continue, it is more efficacious and strong, because that custom which is taken in that age, doth by degrees become a nature, which growing up with years, grows solid and unchangeable.

Frontier faith of Love's, Juvenal's piety, and  
 more playing; Juvenal's capricious; & & more,  
 simple, naked, and simpler & open to all eyes;  
 rich, and all the more for it; can, please  
 us, &c. The reason why Love was painted young  
 is because young men are most apt to Love; soft, fair  
 and fat, because such folks are soon captivated; naked,  
 because all true affection is simple and open; he  
 smiles, because merry and given to delight; hath a  
 Quiver, to show his power, and none can escape him;  
 old nor young; is blinde, because he sees not where he  
 shoots, nor whom he hits, &c. *Allegory* and so on.

*Let us now Demonstrate what temperaments and complexions do sympathize together, and are most prone and apt to receive the impression of this Passion.*

The diversity of complexions, breeds a diversity of desires: whereby they judge diversly of things persons, and follow those which do best agree with their constitutions, whereby we see that in the election of anything whatsoever, the appetite doth automatically incline to the impression of the body: for we see Men fit themselves in their customs and carriages to their corporal temperature, every desiring to converse with their like; for Nature would to have it, to this end that every one should be esteemed, and be loved; and they that are not absolutely fair in every part, should not be despised, but being received into grace and favour with their lovers might live honestly, in mutual society, and in good esteem with them. Every one desires, and loveth his like; whereby even for the publick good, there remains nothing despised, because there is nothing but hath its like. And therefore no the eyes of a Moor, the black or swarthy countenance of his Moorish Daughter pleases best; and yet such a one would almost turn the stomach of a Sanguine complexioned English man to look upon.

Now to discover those who are most prone and apt to love. The fairest are inclined to love, because the cause of love is beauty; and he or she that hath the cause in *potentia*, doth easily produce the effect: And therefore

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fore faith the divine *Plato*, that *Love* reigneth most in the hearts of those young men (the which, he that hath but half an eye may daily see) that are *honourably* born, and *richly* brought up, who as the *receptacles* receive into them that *seeds*. Or more probably, *Venus* being the sister of *Beauty*, likewise inclineth those to *Love*, upon whose passivity she cast her influence; for it seldom falleth out that *Beauty* is separated from the force of *Love*; and for as much as custome in all things hath the force of *Love*, they that are *beautiful* following custome cannot but *Love*. *Galen* saith, that the manners of the world do follow the temperature of the body. We see those that are of a *serene* complexion, are generally very *amorous*. *Hairiness*, such as *Aristotle*, is a signe of abundance of excrements, and therefore much addicted to this passion, *Venus* tickling them with a delight of emptying of their seminal vessels; for a Woman cannot endure a Man with a large beard, for that they are commonly cold and impotent.

The *air*, *Climate* and *place* of ones birth, are of very great consideration in this particular.

And now being in the bowels of *Love*, some will ask, Whether Men or Women be soonest assured, and whether be most constant, the male or the female?

I answer, That most Women are to be won with every pleasing wind, in whose sex there is neither force to withstand the assaults of *Love* (as we shall hereafter more fully declare) neither constancy to remain faithful; therefore Women are the soonest persuaded, and most inconstant.

Likewise, a hot and dry temperature, or else such a one as is only hot, is much inclined to *Love*; for a Man that is hot is hairy, high coloured, with a black thick curled head of hair, great veins and big voice; (and

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what a precious thing a Black Man is in a Woman's eye, I will refer to the judgement of their own sex) I dare boldly affirm, that that man hath a hot and dry Liver, and his generative parts are also of the same temper, and so consequently very much inclined to this passion; which is also confirmed by that of *Galen*, that a hot complexion, or such a one that is hot and dry, is much more prone and subject to a violent and irregular Love, then any other temperature or complexion whatever: from whence we may infer, that Men are oftner and more grievously tormented with this malady then Women, whose temperature is lesse hot and lesse dry. But Women are naturally of meaner Spirits and lesse courage then Men, having weaker reasons: and therefore are lesse able to make resistance against so strong a passion. And hereto accords that of *Hero* in her Epist. to *Leander* in *Old*,

*Urimur igne pari: sed sum tibi viri huius impar;*

*Fortius ingenium suspicor esse viris.*

*Ue carpus, teneris sic mens infirma puella.*

Our flames are equal: but your kinder fate

Hath lent you strength, your hearts to temperate,

But in our weaker sex, our passions finde,

A feeble body bears a feeble minde,

Women oft become frenetick, and mad for Love, but rarely men; unlesse it be some effeminate weak spirited fellows. Upon this, I took occasion one day to visite *Bedlam*, and for one Man that was there for Love, I found five Women; and those Men that were there, were such as had lived effeminately,



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nately, idly, and doted themselves riotously and delicately.

*Ficinus cap. 19. Commens. in commentis Platonicis;* faith, *brevis est cito quibus nascentibus Venus fuerit in Leone, vel Luna Venere[m] vehementer asperetur;* & *quia eadem complexionis sunt pradi.* They are most prone to burning lust, or the vehement scorching of the *Idian* flame, that have ♀ in ♈ in their Horoscope, when the ♀ and ♄ be mutually aspected, or when ♄ is in a Δ or ✱ aspect, with the ☉ or ♀, especially if it happen in the second or fifteenth day of the ♀; or such as be of the complexion of ♀, and that is a white ruddy complexion, fair and lovely eyes, a little black, a round and fleshy face, fair hair and smooth, a rolling eye, and one desirous of trimming and making himself neat both in clothes and body. In whose geniture ♀ and ♄ are in ☉, ✱ or Δ, *Plerumq[ue] amatores sunt, & se summa meretrices,* they are undoubtedly inclined to love and *erorick melancholy*, and if Women, *Lunars*; for *Martialists* and Men of war are easily taken prisoners by Cupid. *Cardan* faith of himself in the judgement of his *genitive*, that a ☉ of ♀ and ♄ in the dignities of ♄, perpetually troubled him with *venereal* thoughts, that he could never rest, so strong was their influence upon him. In whose *genesis* ♄ shall be in a *masculine* sign, and in the termes or ♀ of ♄, signifies the parties to be very much inclined to the sports of ♄.

*Phlegmatick* persons are rarely captivated, and those who are naturally *melancholy* lesse then they; but if they once be caught in the snare (unless they hang themselves, which they will be much inclined to) they will never be free. But (as *Mr. Burton* faith) the

*Colts*

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*Calis* or *itis* is common to all complexions, whilst they are young and lusty. And some refer it *adfectum* or *crisis*, to the hot temperature of the testicles.

Now to declare what time is most fit and delightful to *Lovers*: It is that time of the year, when the longest dayes make the evenings most delightful, and dispose *theyrs* to accommodate their ears, to the chirping melody of the *ay*. *June*, which awakenerh a marvellous desire in their hearts. *May* is called *Lovers month*, either because the temperature of the season which is hot and moist, of the nature of *Venus*, doth incline all creatures to chuse and select their mates; or because *May* is that time doth usher in *Aurora*, and by her influence doth excite the hearts of *Lovers* to rise early to view the richness of *Flora*, and the most pleasing harmony and *love*-exciting melody of the *Nightingale*.

As for *July*, it is a more temperate time, but less delightful to *Lovers*, because the heat is somewhat less, and the dayes are shorter. *August* is also a temperate time, but less delightful to *Lovers*, because the heat is somewhat less, and the dayes are shorter. *September* is a more temperate time, but less delightful to *Lovers*, because the heat is somewhat less, and the dayes are shorter. *October* is a more temperate time, but less delightful to *Lovers*, because the heat is somewhat less, and the dayes are shorter. *November* is a more temperate time, but less delightful to *Lovers*, because the heat is somewhat less, and the dayes are shorter. *December* is a more temperate time, but less delightful to *Lovers*, because the heat is somewhat less, and the dayes are shorter.

*In* *February*, *March*, *April*, *May*, *June*, *July*, *August*, *September*, *October*, *November*, *December*, the *Lovers* are more inclined to *love*, because the heat is more temperate, and the dayes are longer. *In* *January*, *February*, *March*, *April*, *May*, *June*, *July*, *August*, *September*, *October*, *November*, *December*, the *Lovers* are more inclined to *love*, because the heat is more temperate, and the dayes are longer.

In what principal part of the Microcosme or Body of Man is the seat of Love.

**L**ove having his first entrance in at the eyes, which are the faith'ul spies and intelligencers of the soul, stealing gently through those gates, and so passing insensibly to the liver, is there presently imprinteth an ardent desire of the object, which is either really lovely, or at least appears to be so. But distrustful in own strength, and fearing it is not able to overthrow the reason, is presently layeth siege to the brain; of which having once fully possessed it self, as being the strongest fort of all, it assaults so violently the reason, and all the noble parts of the brain, that they are suddenly forced to yield themselves up to its subjection. So that now the poor enamorado, or Loves weather-beaten widgeon thinks of nothing but his Mistressse. So that through the eye it seizeth upon the liver, which is the first receptracle of Love, then the heart, then the brain and blood, and then the spirits, and so consequently the imagination and reason. The Liver to be the seat of Love is grounded upon the saying of Solomon (in Prov. 7.) That a young man void of understanding goeth after a strange woman till a dart strike through his Liver. Cogit amare jecur, the which being affected and inflamed letereth all the other principall parts on fire; according to Senc. in Hippol.

— p<sup>er</sup>fect

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Penitus infans vapor  
 Amens torres, intima seculi uera  
 Penitus medullas, uis per uenas meat  
 Visceribus ignis natus & uenis lateris,  
 Ut agilis alio flammæ percurrat trahes.

Now Love within my raging bosome fumes,  
 And with a cruell fire my reins consumes.  
 The flame within my bowels hid remains,  
 Thence shooth up and down my melting veins,  
 As agile fire over dry Timber spreads.

*Valerius lib. 3. Cap. 13.* saith, that that Love which is in Men, is defined to be an affection of both powers, appetite and reason. The reasonall resides in the brain, and the appetite in the Liver, and the heart is diversly affected of both, and carryed a thousand wayes by course, being variously inclined, sometimes merry and iocund, and sometimes sad and distressed. The sensitive faculty over-ruling reason, carries the soul hoodwink't, and hurries the understanding to Despair to eat a Wood-cuck-pee.

## Of Jealousie in Lovers; the Definition, the Signes, and Symptomes of it.

**I**T is described and defined to be a certain suspicion which the Lover hath of the party he chiefly affects, lest he or she should be mastered of another. Or an eager desire of enjoying some beauty alone, and to have it proper to himself only. It is a fear or doubt lest any forainer should participate or share with him in his love; still apt to suspect the worst in such doubtfull cases. This passion of Jealousie is more eminent among Bachelours, then Married-men. If it appear among Bachelours, we commonly call them *Rivals* or *Carnials*, a similitude having its original from a River, *Rivales a rivus*; for as a River divides a common ground betwixt two Men, and both participate of it; So is a Woman indifferent betwixt two Suitors, both likely to enjoy her; and thence cometh this emulation, which breaks out many times into tempestuous stormes, and produceth lamenable effects, murders it self with much cruelty, many single combats.

Aristo calls it a fury, a continual Fever, full of suspicion, fear and sorrow, a mirth-marring monster. (Eccles. 28. 6.) The sorrow and grief of heart of one woman jealous of another is heavier then death. But true and pure Love is without jealousy, for this affliction springs from

from the love of concupiscency, for jealousie is a fear (as I have said) which a Man hath, lest another should enjoy the thing he desireth: the reason thereof is, because we judge it hurtfull either to our selves, or to those whom we love, if others should enjoy it. And if they have any interest in the party beloved, they have a speciall care that no other have the fruition thereof but themselves, taking the matter heavily if it fall out otherwise; being very much offended and full of indignation, against him that should attempt any such thing; being very suspicious, and carrying within themselves matter of jealousie, and tormenting themselves and others without cause; for Love with jealousie and a madman are coyn-germans in understanding; for questionlesse immoderate love is a madnesse; and then had Desdemon need be a great and spacious house; for he that never was in that predicament is either blinde or babish.

When jealousie once seisseth on these silly, weak, and unresisting soules; 'tis pittifull to see, how cruelly it tormenteth them, insultingly it tyrannizeth over them. It insinuateth it self under colour of friendship: but after it once possesseth them, the same causes which served for a ground of goodwill, serves for the foundation of mortal hatred. Of all the mindes diseases, that is it, whereto most things serve for sustenance, and fewest for remedy. This consuming Fever blentisseth and corrupteth all that otherwise is good and goodly in them. But as the most firme in Religion, may have doubts; so the most confident in Love, are capable of some suspicion. The strongest trees are shaken by the winde, though the root be fixed; whilst the leaves and branches be tossed. Why should we not rest our selves, and abandon all suspicious ideas, after having had a tryall of a person, and many effects for



for testimoies of the affliction? yet all these proofs and cryals keep us not from vexing and tormenting our selves; because *feare*, which is not in our power to restrain, interprets all the least appearances, and buries it self in false objections, where it findes no evidence. O weak *jealousie*, did ever thy prying and suspicious light finde thy Mistress lip guilty of any smile? or any lascivious glance from her eye? dost not thou see the blushes of her cheeks are innocent? her carriage, sober? her discourse all chaste? no lascivious gesture? no desire to see the publick shows, or haue the Theatre? she is no popular Mistress, all her kisses do speak her Virgin? such a *jealous* heart at several tides ebbs and flows; flows and ebbs again, as it were afraid to meet our wilder flame? what is it then that kindles up this hot passion in thee? Some will object and say, All this is but vanitie, (as who knows the height of *sin*?) It is these *whores* that haue these symptoms of *jealousie*, as *feare*, *fit*, *fit*, *suspicion*, *strange actions*, *gestures*, *outrages*, *beckings up*, *curbes*, *trials*, with a thousand more devils then any pen is able to enumerate. 'Tis a vehement passion, a furious perturbation, a bitter pain, a scorching fire, a pernicious curiosity, it fills the minde with grief, half suspicion, accidentall browles, compassionate tears, throbbings of the heart, distracted cogitations, inconsistent desires, and a thousand the like lancing razors, that cut and wound the hearts of Men (as Gall corrupting the Honey of our life) more then ordinarily disquieted and discontented.

Next time you see a *jealous* Lover, doe but mark him, and you shall see (without a pair of Spectacles) how he misinterprets every thing is either said or done, most apt to mistake or misconstrue, he peeps into every corner, followes close, observes to an hair all the postures

tures and actions of his Mistress, he will sometimes sigh, weep, and sob for anger, swear, slander, and belie any Man, sometimes he will use obsequious and flattering speeches, and aske forgiveness, condemning his rashness and folly, and then immediately again, he is as impatient and furious as ever he was; therefore I wish, (Gentlewomen) to beware of such *infidels*, who wax and wane an hundred times in an hour, as though they were got in the change of the Moon: so strange is the inferences of this *malicious jealousy*, that it never makes a good *Logician*. He spies on all sides, accurately observing on whom she looks, and who looks on her. *Argus* did not so keep his *Cow*, the witchfull *Dragon* the *golden Pleece*, or *Cerberus*, *Hell gates*, as he does her, toying and wasting away himself in pursuit of so concealed a mystery, and so obscure a verification. If he see her discourse familiarly with another, if by nod, wink, smile or message, he think she discloseth her self to another, he is instantly tormented, none so dejected as he is, he thinks himself utterly undone, a cast away, the scorn of fortune.

There are some, (though their hearts be violently assaulted with *jealousie* and *false suspicion*, insomuch that they can never rest in quiet) make shew outwardly of a happy life, and a carelesse neglect of their best beloved; yet in despite of themselves and their best endeavours, they cannot dissemble it. It is the natural course of this *passion*, for it is with those who are in the highest pitch of Love, as those who are on the tops of great *elevations*, their heads grow dizzy, and though no body touch them, they reel till they fall of themselves, meerly by the fear of falling. And this is the *passion* that ruines *Lovers* reputation, and disorders the *souls* tranquillity. Therefore,

If *Lovers* needs must *jealous* be;  
And from this venom ne'r be free,  
Then sic upon't; my prayer shall be,  
From *Loue* (good *Jove*) deliver me.

Now as touching Women, they have the *symptoms* of this *passion* more vehemently, their *wits* being stronger than their *reason*, there is no counsell to be given them against this evill of *jealousie*, their nature being wholly *suspicion*, *vanity* and *curiosity*. If you seek to perswade them, they will flie out against you like so many *Lynxes*, objecting, How can they moderate their *passions*? how can they but be *jealous*, when they see themselves manifestly neglected, contemned, loathed, unkindly used, and their *unkind Lovers* court *Ladies* to their faces? There is a tree in *Mexicana* which is so exceedingly tender, that a Man cannot touch any of its branches, but it withers presently: so Women are so subject to this *passion*, that (like tinder) they will take fire at the least sparke of suspicion, and a small touch will wound and kill their *love*.

This *passion* is most predominant in old Men (as saith the Author of the *Accomplish'd Woman*) which very properly be compared to *Ivy*, because that grows ordinarily upon old heapes or ruines; so this *passion* wreathes it self most commonly about old rextured and dejected spirits, such as marry young wenches, and how can they be otherwise, all things considered? We see *Ivy* flourishing upon dry, withered, and saplesse trees: so in old Men this *passion* is very potent and youthfull; and becomes the stronger in, such, as age, or craziness of wit in feebles or stupefies. It is no great miracle, if *jealous* ones be lean, their *passions*

feeding on nothing but faintnesse; and nothing like *melancholy* to entertain *jealousie*. Therefore I exhort Gentlewomen not to bestow themselves upon fools, or apparent melancholy persons, *jealousie* being a symptome of that disease, and fools have no moderation.

It is an enemy with poysoned weapons, and his approach is enough to overthrow; when the *memory* hath once retrieved it, *reason* often comes too late for a resistance. I hope I shall not be thought a vagrant from my subject, if I tell married couples that *suspicion* of it self is able to make one lie out that was otherwise honest. If we consider that *jealousie* and *Cuckolds* differ no otherwise then a City Sheriff and Alderman, a little time makes the one the other; for it is as common as the *Moon* gives horns twice a month to the world, for a *jealous* Man to wear *Alexander* badge; the Miller sees not all the water that goes by his Mill: sometimes *Sweet-heart* and *Cuckold* are reciprocal termes: many a good Gentleman hath worn a plume of Bulls feathers in his crest, being set in by his arrant honest Mistress.

There was a Roman named *Cydippus*, who took so great a delight to see Bulls baited, that it set such an impression in his *Idea*, as he thought so much of it over night, that he arose in the morning with a horned head. This spectacle pleased him; for that he had entertained his fancy with it, and in the end his imagination did him this ill office. There is no malice sufficiently black to blind this *passions* capacity; it gives subtilty and craft to the dullest, and perverts the most vertuous to seek satisfaction for the injury: it has no bound to inventions, it brings ruine to its fosterer, as it did to *Procris*, jealous of her husband *Orphalus*, she imagined he had a Mistress besides

besides her self; which (she thought) he went to  
seek in the woods under pretence of hunting; she  
hid her self behind a bush, thinking to hear the  
discourse of his solitary thoughts; he hearing a  
stir and a noise in the thicket, and believing it  
was a Deer, shot an arrow at it and struck her  
to the heart; she dying cryed *Cephalus*, which word  
made him know he had taken his Wife for a beast;  
and I think he was not very much mistaken. Also  
Mr. *Brathwaite* in his *English Gentlewoman* re-  
cords a marvellous president of *Jealousie* acted in *Eng-  
land*, with this like tragickall conclusion; He hath it  
in these words:

"T sometimes pleased a young Gentlewoman  
whose fortunes had swelled her high, to settle  
her affections on a Gentleman of deserving parts;  
which he entertained with a generous requitall:  
nothing was omitted this might any way increase  
their respect, or second the height of their  
joyes. Continually resort and frequent made  
them inseparably one; no day so pleasing as when  
they were together, no hour so tedious as when  
they were asunder. But short is that moment of  
fading happinesse, which hath in it a relish of  
lightnesse, and is not grounded on essentiall  
goodnesse. Long had they not thus lived, and  
loviably loved, but the Gentlewoman concei-  
ved some private suspicion that her self was not  
the sole soveraignesse of his heart; but that ano-  
ther was become sharer in his Love. Whether  
was this Competition, whom she suspected, any  
other then his own attendant, whose Count she  
secretly opened; where she found a Ring of es-  
peciall

"partial note, which she had formerly bestowed  
 "on him. This confirmed her conceits; changed  
 "her real love into mortal hate; which she se-  
 "conded with this Tragick act. Inviting him one  
 "day into a Summer Arbour, where in former  
 "times, they were wont to repose; amidst of an  
 "amorous discourse; she casually fixe her eye upon  
 "three Lennets, one wherof picking some Privet  
 "leaves, purposely to build her nest; flew away,  
 "whilst the two which remained, lovingly bil-  
 "lied one with another; which she intently ob-  
 "serving, used these words, *How tenderly and hu-  
 "manely do these poor foole mate it? were it not pity  
 "they should be ever divided?* Which words she  
 "had no sooner uttered, then the she Lennet flew  
 "away; and left the male alone; till another re-  
 "turned; with whom the be Lennet billeted, and  
 "amously wooed; as he had done before;  
 "which she more seriously eyeing, O, quoth she,  
 "How light these Males are in their affection! This  
 "may seem to you an easie error; but were I  
 "Judge of Birds, it should render due vnsure.  
 "Why Lady (replied he) these poor Birds doe but  
 "according to their kind. Yes but what do ye  
 "think then, who ingage your selves, intrest your  
 "selves, captivate your souls to be constant to her  
 "you professe Love; and perform nothing lesse then  
 "what you professe most. Nor would her long in-  
 "tended revenge admit more liberty to her tongue;  
 "for with a passionate enterbreath, she closed this  
 "speech with a small Rave; leaving so much time  
 "to her unfortunate and dysasterous Lover, as to  
 "discover to one of that sorrowfull family the  
 "ground of her hate; the occasion of his fall,  
 "which



“ which hastened on the dolefull Scene of her Tra-  
“ gedy. And these are the products of that Hell-born  
“ fiend Jealousie.

An *Astrologer* may give a probable conjecture, by every Mans Nativity (if it may be had) whether he will be *joyous* or no, and at what time, by the direction of the *Significators* to their severall *promissors*; of which you may read many *Apborismes* in *Scorer*, *Junstine*, *Pomannus*, *Ptolemy*, *Albubator*, &c.

## The Remedies of Love.

**T**HAT we may use the *Method of Art* : To cure the effects, is first to take away the cause. *Cessante causa, cessat effectus*, take away the cause, and the effect ceaseth. It was the scope of our discourse in the second Section of this Treatise, to discover the *Causes* (those incendiaries and fomenters of this inordinate passion, or this intoxicating poyson) in the third Section we demonstrated the *Effects* arising from them ; now in this last Section it is our purpose to treat of the *Cure and Remedies* of them.

We will begin at the *second cause*, viz. the *Stars* (for the *first cause* instituted by the Creator was moderate and good.) As the *minde* hath its *natural principles of knowledge*, so the *will* hath her *natural inclinations and affections* from the *influence* of the *Stars* ; for they do incline the *will* to *love*, but do not compell it ; *agunt non cogunt* ; of their own nature they are good, as they are taken from the first nature created of God ; neither would they be at any time hurtfull, if there were not *excesse* in us proceeding from nature corrupted ; which afterwards by the force of their influence, breed in us such *inclinations and affections* as are these *passions*. For God in the beginning made all things good ; neither doth he forbid and condemn this *love and affection* in his Law,

so

so far forth as it is ruled thereby, but approveth it being inflamed in the Creation. But when this *love* and *affection* is disordered in us, and is inflamed, giving way to the power of the superiours to work together with it, it is not only *vicious*, but is as it were the originall and fountain of all *vices*, (for what *vices*, would a Man, whose *reason* is governed by *will*, and that *will* inclined by the *Stars*, leave unperpetrated to effect them?) whereas if it were well ordered, and ruled according to the *will* and *institutes* of God, it would be the *original* and *well-spring* of all *virtues*. *Sapiens dominabitur astris*; a wise man through *grace*, and the strength of *reason* can moderate and divert their *evil influences*, and convert them into *good seeds of viriue*; but if they be not well ordered and ruled, they corrupt and degenerate. As if *Venus* be *Lady* of the *Nativity*, she giveth to the native a *sanguine complexion*, whose nature is bloud, and beareth greatest sway among the other humors and qualities; or if she be in a ♄, ♀, or ♁ of ♄, inclineth the native naturally to *love*; if this be not moderated and well guided by *reason*, but letteth the *will* receive their influence, and their work upon it without any obstruction, it easily passeth measure, and falleth into this foolish doting *passion* of *Love*. Therefore seek for *grace* of him that can give it, and that he will grant *strength of reason* to divert the influxious power of the *superiours*, and to moderate the yehement heat of this *Italian fire*.

Let us now remove the *third cause*, and that is, *Education*. (for to remove that which comes gradually from *Parents* we cannot, unlesse we seek to subvert *Nature*, and utterly extinguish the race of *Man*; but according to the old proverb, *that which is bred in the bone, will never out of its flesh*.) If you finde that

your Parents have been addicted to this folly, and that they brought you up delicately and folly, and that you feel in your self an inclination to the same passion; *Carripite for a man*; take up the shackled reins in time, before you run yourselves past recovery. Addict your selves to the study of good letters, flying idleness as a mortall enemy, reading of *Love books*, *Comedies*, looking upon *immoral pictures*, *feasts*, *private familiarities*, *loose company*, and have in derision even the shadow of *incontinency*. Love has no subject so apt to work upon as idleness, therefore handle the matter so, that he may alwayes finde you busied; for *Vita otiosa moribus discenda sunt*, the vices of idleness should be shaken off with businesse; and to this effect speaks the Poet;

*Ovis f. collas, frange Cupidinis arcum.*

An idle life forsake.

What made thee *love*, a *lover* makes thee still;

The cause of nourishment of that sweet ill,

Shun idleness, and *Cupid* bow will break,

His lighted flames he will disarm'd and weak,

As Reeds in Marishes affect their fire;

As Poplars in the running brooks delight;

So *Venus* joyes in flesh: Let *Cupid* be

By action tam'd; live busie, and live free.

Faint ease, long sleeps, which no command controls,

Time spent in sport, & drench't in flowing bowls,

Without a wound in enfeebled minde surprize:

Then in unprovok'd insidious *Cupid* lies.

That sloth-affecting boy, doth toyle detest:

Do something to employ thy empty breast.

Witty

Witty and proper was that elegant invention of *Lucian*, who fained *Cupid* to invite the Gods to an *amorous feast*, prevailed with all of them to give way to *Love*, till he came to *Pallas*, but she was found conversing with the *Muses*, and would admit of no vint to enter parley with *Cupid*. By this you may see that *exercise* draweth the mind from *effeminacy*; and *recreation* feeds the desire, and adds fuel to *Love's fire*. And no lesse occasion gives wanton discourse or lascivious books to the inflamed affections of distempered youth. Therefore as *Love* is entertained with idleness and feasts, subdue him with austeritie and exercise. He will fall upon some object, scatter and confound him. As he laboureth to finde out a loose and unbridled spirit, hold yours extended upon the study of some good science. He requirer liberty, private place, and night, let him have winnissets, and enlighten him on every side. He will be governed by fantasie, keep him obedient both by admonition and menaces; so by this means you will banish the wanton *Jack of Spies* out of house and harbour.

The bed being a sensitive nourishment, renders many *insolent fancies*, therefore no sooner wake but arise, and expell such cogitations with pious meditations. I could advise Maides (as the only remedy for this passion) to walk early into the fields, and keep themselves continually both head and hand in motion in some good exercise, and not alwayes pricking a clout, for many times (their thought being gone a wool-gathering with *Cupid*) they chauce to prick their fingers, and *Cupid* their hearts too if they be not aware. This sedentary life is the cause of the disease called the *Green sickness*, and it having seized upon their youth affecting bodies, makes them *laxie*, and as quick as *snails* in all their operations, and then

then it is more difficult to make them marcey, then cure the disease.

St. *Cyprian* found nothing more powerfull to conquer the temptations of *Venus*, then to turn the other-side of the medall. But above all it behoveth us to use the example of an *Arabian*, who presented to himself perpetually over his head, an eye which enlightened him, an ear which heard him, a hand which measured out all his deportments, and demeanors, and guards of chastity, which daily blunts a thousand arrowes shot against the impenetrable hearts of brave and undaunted champions: that you may not fall into the fire, it is good to avoid the smoke, not to trust our selves too much to petty dalliances, which under pretext of innocency, steal in with the more liberty: for to court and dally with beauty (as we shall hereafter declare) is an enterprise of danger; for some I have known, who upon their accessse to beauty have been free men, but at their return have become slaves.

We now intend to extinguish the heat and vehemency of Love in the fourth cause, which is meer beauty, and the particulars of it. Be not so sensual as to love only the body, and to dote upon an outside, but look higher, and see something in the person loved of an *Angelical* nature: that is, a free and vertuous mind, which to an understanding soul appears to be of a divine essence, and to which he mingles his soul in love, which is (if really considered) a far more excellent and permanent love, then that of an externall and fading beauty, and consequently much more pleasant. Do we not commonly see, that in painted pots of *Apothecaries* are contained the deadliest poyson? that the *Cypresse* tree bears a fair leaf, but no fruit? That the *Estrich* carryeth fair feathers,

but



but rank flesh? How frantick then are those *Lovers*, who are hurried headlong with the gay glittering of a *fine face*? the *beauty* whereof is parched with the Suns blaze, and chapped with a Winters blast: which is of so short continuance, that it fadeth before we see it flourish; of so small profit, that it poysoneth those that possesse it; of so little value with the wise, that they account it a delicate bait with a mortall hook; a sweet *Panther* with a devowring panch, a tart poyson in a silver por.

But have, one word with you, *Love Symplicians*. Let your humane imaginations think and assemble into one subject whatsoever is most *beautiful* and *delicious* in nature. Do you imagine a *Quire of Sirens*, and do you joyne in consort, both the *harpe of Orpheus*, and the *voice of Amphion*. Let *Apollo* and the *Muses* be there to bear a part; and do you search within the power of nature, riddle up her treasure, and all the extreme pleasures which it hath produced in the world hitherto, to charme our souls, and to ravish our spirits; what permanency and felicity do you finde in all these? They are meet *Chimeræ*, and as a vain *Idea*; a meer shadow of a body of pleasure in comparison of vertues, and those divine thoughts and pleasures which may be enjoyed in the contemplation of the Almighty, and his infinite beauty, glory, and love, and of the felicity of felicities which he hath prepared for them that love him. So that happy are those (but too few are they) who with wise *Ithacæ* budwink themselves, and stop their eares to those soul-tainting, and sin-tempting *Sirens*.

What a great example of continency and neglect of beauty was that of *Mahomet* the great, towards the *fair Greek*, *Irene*; whom albeit he entirely loved; yet to shew to his Peers, a princely command of him.

himself, and his affections; as he had incensed them before by *loving* her, so he regained their love by *loathing* her; whence the Poet,

With that he drew his *Turkish Cymeter*,  
Which he did brandish o're the *Damsels* head,  
Demanding of such *Penitents* were there,  
If 't were not pity she sh<sup>d</sup> be slaughtered?  
Pity indeed; but I perforce must do  
That which displeaseth me, to pleasure you.

Many such instances, ancient and modern Histories afford, but I must not insist on each particular lest I should enlarge myself too much, and swell that into a volume, which I intend but a Pamphlet.

How many do we finde, who having their Spirits poss<sup>d</sup> with other *passions*, one of Ambition, another of Avarice, another of Revenge, another of Envie, another transported by the solitude of a Law suite, and the turmoile of a family, who think very little upon *Love*? how many others are there, from whom study affaires, charges, (wherein they strive supereminently to transcend) free their minds from all other thoughts, not suffering them to have any complements with *Cupid*? And how many Ladies do we see in the World, with countenances ever smiling, of humours cheerfull, and conversation most pleasing, who make *love* to wits and spirits, as Bees to flowers; but have with the body no commerce at all? The Author of the *Theater of Manne*, holdeth, that the *Basilisk* alone among Serpents cannot be enchanted: and I dare really affirm, that there are Men who have the like privilege, and have their eyes *love proof*, and their hearts shut up and defended as with a palisado against the piercing darts of *Cupid*, and the fiery assaults of the  
*Idalian*

*Idalian Name.* Democritus made himself blinde voluntarily, by Reddantly beholding the Sunbeams, to free himself from the charming beauties, and Intruding opportunities of Women: And (seriously) I think he shut up two gates against Love, to open a thousand to his imagination. For some affirm that this *Malady* or *Love melancholy*, is cherisht by the presence of the party *affected*: and that the contrary, to wit, *absence* is the best *remedy*. And this they seem to prove by resembling our *passions* with *Echobes*: (but *omne simile non est idem*, every like is not the same thing.) For (say they) do you not see the *Echobes*, the further you go from them, the less repetition there is, they diminishing and losing themselves in the aire: so the *affection* which is caused by the *reflexion* of the countenance, which you daily behold with so much entertainment, will quickly vanish by a little absence.

But may I be so bold as to whisper my opinion in your ear, craving leave to insist a little upon this; To prove that absence doth more augment then decrease the heat of this *passion*. I will be brief.

Truest eyes may conceive and produce a *green infant affection*, but there must be something more solid and substantial to make it grow unto perfection; and that must be by the knowledge of the *virtues*, *merits*, (as well as *beauty*) and a *reciprocall affection* of the party *loved*. Now this knowledge both take indeed its original from the eyes, but it must be the *soul* which must afterwards bring it to the rest of judgement; and by the testimonies both of the eyes and ears; and all other considerations concoct a verity, and so ground upon it. If this verity be to our advantage, then it produceth such thoughts, whose sweetness cannot be equalled by any other kind of contentment,

rentment, then the effects of the same thoughts. If it be advantageous to the party affected, then doubtless it doth augment our *affliction*; but yet with violence and inquietude; and therefore no question but *absence* doth augment *love*, so that it be not so long, as that the very image of the party loved be quite effaced; whether it be that an *absent Lover* never represents unto his fancy but only the *perfections* of the person loved; or whether it be that the *understanding* being already wounded will not fancy any thing but what pleases it; or whether it be that the very thought of such things does add much unto the *perfections* of the party loved: yet this is infallibly true, that he does not *truly love*, whose *affection* does not augment in *absence* from the party loved. For in *absence* nothing can content the *small Lover*; nor sweet harmony, nor beautiful Gardens, or Groves, nor pleasant Company, nor eloquent tongues, nor civill entertainment, but every sweetness is converted into sourness, all ear-pleasing harmony is turned into an obstreperous jangling, and nothing can content but the wished object, which being far distant from their *enslaved desires*, do ingender a vehement grief in the heart, which cannot be expressed by them that prove it; much lesse by my pen which is not acquainted with such miseries. Now it is objected, That *absence* is the greatest and most potent and dangerous enemy that *Love* hath. But (with their favour) *presence* without comparison is much more, as we may daily see by experience; for you may see a thousand loves change in *presence* for one in *absence*; for in *presence*, some *imperfections* may be found, which may cause a *detestation*, which *absence* could never do; and to illustrate and confirm this by example. The excellent Philosopher Raymund Lullius, was passionately enamoured of a Lady, wise, prudent and honest; she

she purposely to cure his frenzie, shewed him one of her breasts eaten and knawed through with a Canker, and extremely hideous to behold. *Stay simple Man* (said she) *behold what you loved*; he at that instant coming to himself uttered *Alas*! *was it for this I lost so many good houres, that I burned, became entranced, that I passed through fire and water?* All Lovers would say the like if the scarffe were taken from their eyes. Consider that if one absent cease from *loving* (which is very rare) his cessation is without any violence or noise of struggling, and the change (through a long tract of time) is only because the memory is by degrees smothered with oblivion, as a fire is with its own ashes. But when *Love* breaks off in presence, it is never without a noise and extreme violence, and (which is a strange argument to prove my assertion) converts that *love* into a *greater hatred* then if *love* had never been: which proceeds from this reason; a *Lover* is always either *loved* or *hated*, or held in a degree of *indifferency*; if he be *loved*, at an abundance is apt to glut, so *love* being loadened in presence with too many favours, growes weary. If he be *hated*, then he meets with so many demonstrations of that *hate* every moment, as at length he is forced to ease himself. If he be in a degree of *indifferency*, and findes his *love* still slighted, he will at length, if he be a *Man* of any courage, make a retreat and resist the continual assaults which are put upon him; whereas in *absence*, all favours received, cannot by their abundance glut, since they do rather set an edge on *desire*. And the knowledge of *hatred* entering into our souls only by the *ear*, the blow smarts not so much as that which is received by *sight*; and likewise *disdain* and *sight* be more tolerable in *absence*, then *presence*; doubtlesse *absence* is then more fit to preserve *affection*, then *presence*;

June 3 for there is a vast difference betwixt the Love  
 that is nourished by the eye, and a Love that is nourished  
 by the understanding. As much as the *soul* is superior  
 to the body, so much is the understanding to be prefer-  
 red before the eyes. And *absence* is so far from dimini-  
 shing Love, that it augments and begets fresh and vi-  
 olent desires to augment it; and the contemplation of  
 a beauty, doth imprint it deeper in the fancy, than any  
 eye can. Therefore (you Love simplices) make a  
 stout resistance, cast away those idle toys that afflict  
 you; let not *absence* be so troublesome, that you must  
 torture your bodies, vilifie your spirits, and yield up  
 your reputations as preyes to slander. If you know  
 what you desired, you would be ashamed of your  
 selves, you would be amazed that so noble spirits  
 should suffer themselves to be transported with such  
 follies. Represent to your selves that a thousand an-  
 danted courages, have for themselves free, liberty,  
 and enjoyed tranquillity of spirit; and you for want  
 of a little resolution, tumble and involve your selves  
 faster and faster in these fetters. Will any man in his  
 wits be thus deluded? can he be so silly as to consume  
 himself in seeking such a toy? Do you call this Love,  
 forsooth? may it not rather be called weakness and  
 folly? What, languish in the lap of an ungrateful  
 Mistress? he, he, it is an error far unworthy of a  
 man, that pretends unto any wisdom or courage. Put  
 a stop to your passions, and courageously contend a-  
 gainst them. You shall no sooner have put the wedge  
 of courage into the block, but it shall be done; you  
 shall have your *soul* victoriously elevated over passion,  
 which shall rejoyce amidst the trophies thereof. Never  
 stay upon thoughts and imaginations of Love; but so  
 soon as it presents it self, chase it away, and extinguish  
 it in your hearts, no otherwise then you should ex-  
 tinguish



quench a hot Iron in a River. If it be in presence, restrain your eyes, for they are the windowes, the allurements, the snare and the conducts of Love. It buddeth in the eyes, that it may at leisure blossome in the heart; therefore divert your sight from objects which dart a sting into the minde apt to receive, and sensible of such penetrations. Likewise lest it get entrance at the ear, stop them against the enchanting melody of *Sirens songs*, and charming musick of their tongues, never open them to be auditors of any lascivious discourse. But if you be already rained with these charmes, unloose your selves, stoutly take your selves off, dispute not any longer with your passions; flie from it, cut the Cable, weigh Anchor, spread sails, set forward, go, flie, look not for any more letters, regard not their pictures, no longer preserve favours, let all your endeavours be to preserve your reason. I add one advice (which I think very essential) which is infinitely to fear a relapse after health, and to avoid all objects that may re-inkindle the flame. For Love oftentimes resembleth a Snake enchanted, cast asleep and smothered; which upon the first occasion awaketh and becomes more strong, and more outrageous then ever. You must not only fortifie your bodies against it, but also your souls. But my discourse like *Nilus*, overfloweth, it shall return within its banks; concluding with this, that *Terrestrial beauty* is like a shadow, and therefore we are not to fix the eyes of our understanding upon it, but to turn them to that *sovereign beauty* which is permanent and free from all change and passion.

We will now endeavour our selves to remove the cause of *Money causing Love*, which is meer Covetousnesse (the root of all evill) and to satisfy their own voluptuousnesse, having their only delights upon earth;

I

who

Just; for there is a vast difference betwixt the love  
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## Remedies of Love.

Quench a hot Iron in a River. If it be in presence, restrain your eyes, for they are the windows, the allurements, the snares and the conducts of Love. It buddeth in the eyes, that it may at leisure blossom in the heart; therefore divert your sight from objects which dart a sting into the *minde* apt to receive, and sensible of such penetrations. Likewise lest it get entrance at the ear, stop them against the enchanting melody of *Sirens songs*, and charming musick of their tongues, never open them to be auditors of any lascivious discourse. But if you be already tainted with these charmes, unloose your selves, stoutly take your selves off, dispute not any longer with your *passions*; flie from it, cut the Cable, weigh Anchor, spread sails, set forward, go, flie, look not for any more letters, regard not their pictures, no longer preserve favours, let all your endeavours be to preserve your reason. I add one advice (which I think very essential) which is infinitely to fear a relapse after health, and to avoid all objects that may re-inkindle the flame. For Love oftentimes resemblerh a Snake enchanted, cast asleep and smothered; which upon the first occasion awaketh and becomes more strong, and more outrageous then ever. You must not only fortifie your *bodies* against it, but also your *souls*. But my discourse like *Nilus* overflows, it shall return within its banks; concluding with this, that *Terrestrial beauty* is like a shadow, and therefore we are not to fix the eyes of our understanding upon it, but to turn them to that *soveraign beauty* which is permanent and free from all change and passion.

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## Remedy of Love

He desireth not the woman but her riches to make his  
house the larger, to fill his chest fuller, being respect-  
lesse of a virtuous Woman; and the supreme good  
wherein all happinesse consisteth. And this, he saith,  
is to raise a fortune for his (I say seldom thriving)  
posterity: studying how he may become an eternal  
affliction to himself. His *mind* is so fixed on *money*  
(not on the woman) as he findeth no time to erect it to  
heaven. He employes so much time in getting and  
gathering of goods, as he reserves no time for doing  
good. He runs on still in desire (not of his Mistress)  
labouring of a disease incurable till death cure him. He  
encreaseth his cares with his substance, (not his love  
to his Wife) and the more he adds to his estate, the  
more he distrusts from his content; and love towards  
her. But consider (you *Money-lovers*) and seek for a  
remedy while it is to be had, lest you repent yonr delay  
when 'tis too late. How secure was the Rich man (as  
he thought) when he invited his wretched soul to take  
her rest, having much goods laid up for many years: but  
this self-security, was the occasion of his succeeding  
misyry; for that night was his soul to be taken from  
him. O how terrible will the approach of death seem  
to you, being to be divided from the staffe of your con-  
fidence, from thence to descend without the least hope  
of comfort to the land of forgetfulness; for as the  
*Scorpion* hath in her the remedy of her own poyson,  
a receipt for her own infection; so the evill and cove-  
tous carry alwayes with them the punishment of  
their own wickednesse, the which doth never leave (so  
incessant is the torment of a guilty conscience) to  
wound and afflict the *mind*, both sleeping and wa-  
king: so as to what place he betakes him, he cannot  
so privily retire, but fear and horror will awake him;  
nor sleepe so fast, though he should take the wings of the  
morning,

morning, but fury and rageance will overtake him. Consider this (I speak to both sexes) and let not money and riches be the sole object of your love; but look at that which is far more noble, that which is more permanent, that *summus bonum*, that chief good, which will direct you the way to all felicity.

Before we proceed any further, we will (hoping such rancour will prove the more pleasant) turn our discourse a little, in particular to the female sex, such whose kinde hearts, like wrought Wax, are apt to receive any amorous impression. Therefore do you (loving female) do I recommend these necessary cautions, which if carefully observed, will preserve you from the causes and consequently the effects of love, and may make you insensible you thought of; and so have a tender care of that, which before you had never mind of.

The best preservative and sovereignty receipt is, to fortifie the weakness of yourself with strength of resolution, so the imagination of love is strong, and works admirable effects in a willing subject. Give not power to an insulting Love to triumph o'er your weakness, or which is worse, let it on the opportunity of your lightness. Shut up those portals which he way you to your enemy; and prevent his entry by your vigilancy. Keep at home, and let neither you nor your thoughts stray abroad, lest by gadding you incur dishonour. Check your madding, and so (Love inclining fancy, and its irresistible resistance, curb with restraint. Forbear to resort to places of publick meeting, till you have drawn up and sealed a Covenant with yourself, to see nothing that they may lawfully never. This will yield you more liberty than the whole world's freedom can afford you. Be not too liberrall in bestowing your favour, nor too susi-

list in publick converse. Presume not too much on the strength of a weak fort. Make a contract with your eyes, not to wander abroad, lest they be catch'd in coming home. Treat not of *Love* too freely; be not too bold to play with the blinde boy; he hath a dangerous aime, though he hath no eyes; the Cat playes with the Mouse, but at last bites off her head; the Flie playes with the Candle, till at last her light wings are singed. Sport not with him, that will hurt you; play not with him, that would play on you; your sports will turn to a bad jest, when you are wounded in earnest. If this wanton frenzie hath never surpriz'd you; prevent the means, and it will never invade you; be not such foes to your selves as to purchase your own disquiet. If *Love* issue out in too violent a stream, it is to be cooled by a temperate expostulation with fancy, or else fix your eyes upon some more attractive object; divert the course of that madding passion, as Physicians do to their patients who having a violent efflux of bloud in one place, cut a vein in another to turn the course of it another way. Expostulate with fancy (as *Brathwaite* adviseth in his *English Gen.*) thus; *How is it with me? we think it fares with me otherwise then it hath done formerly. A strange distemper I finde in my minde; and might seem to resemble Love, if I knew the nature of it. Love! can Virgin modesty return that accent and not blush? yet, why not? If the object I affect be worth loving. (If the party affected have more vertues then money, and not more money then vertues) And if not, what then? Is not the Lover ever blinde in affection towards his beloved? He who may seem a Theriac to another, maybe a Paris in mine eye. Tes, but a little advice would do well. Art thou persuaded that this Non-parallel, thou hast affected, hath dedicated his service only to thee? that his affection is really to-*  
wards



words thee? that his protest, though delivered in his mouth, are engraven in his heart? yea, his protest, have confirmed him mine. That hour is tedious wherein he sees me not. His eye is ever fixed on me; his sole discourse, it is me. These I must confesse and promising arguments of Love; yet these may deceive you, and consequently leave you in a miserable error. He may prove a false-hearted *Jason*, *Demophoon*, or *Theseus*, and leave you in the briers for all your confidence. You say his vowes and protests have confirmed him yours; and he hath arrested heaven to bear record of his love. But take heed he play not the part of the *Ridiculous actor* in *Smyrna*, who pronouncing, O heavens, pointed with his finger to the ground. Therefore I wish you, ground your fancy with deliberation; and do not affect, before you finde ground of respect. Entertain not a *Rhetorical Lover*, whose protests are formall complements, and whose promises are gilded pills, which cover much bitterness. Many men are flattering *Gaiths*, dissembling *Chameleons*, meet out-sides, hypocrites that make a shew of great love, (but 'tis no more then from the teeth outwards) pretend honesty, zeal, modesty, with affected looks, and counterfeited gestures, full of lip love, fained vowes, stealing away the hearts and favours of poor silly soules, deceiving them, *Speer virtuous* & *novice*, when as (in truth) there is no worth of honesty at all in them, no reality, but meet hypocrisy, subtilty, and knavery. Therefore (Gentlewomen) shun in affairs of this nature, have ever a truer touch then protestations. For I am confident there are some (yea, I really know many) who make it their only study, how to tip their glazing tongues with *Rhetorical phrases*, *charming Oratory*, vowes, and protestations, purposefully to gull credulous creatures, for the purchase of an unlawful

unlawful pleasure; which obtained, they leave them  
 to bewail their lost honour. I exhort you to see  
 him narrowly to see what he is there is in him, before  
 you chuse him. Take him before you take him. And  
 thus; I am his fair carriage good him estimation where  
 he lives; hath he never shured his tongue to play  
 the hypocrite with his deaver. Hath he not a fair  
 quarter, and been ever tender of his untainted ho-  
 nour? Hath he never bowed of young Gentle-  
 mens favors, nor run account on their kindness? Hath  
 he ever since he vowed himself your servant,  
 solely devoted himself yours, and not mixt his affection  
 on whichsoever Whores? If so, then chuse him, he  
 well deserves your chuse. Be like the Juniper tree,  
 whose root is the hottest, and whose shadow is the  
 coolest; be not in your affection, but cool in your  
 passion. Set before your eyes the difference betwixt a  
 wife and a wild passion; the one ever deliberates be-  
 fore it loves, and the other loves before it deliberates;  
 therefore let your fancy be grounded with delibera-  
 tion. If you be a man, ever fear to become a woman,  
 and cast not the garland of your virginity  
 under the feet of Hogs. Give not a hair of your head  
 to those who promise you golden mountains; for  
 such will deceive you, and when they most desire you  
 in the quest of marriage, then is the time you must  
 least be for marriage; for all you shall to their  
 importunities, will be the subject of your disgrace;  
 and when they shall have married you, though you  
 should live as chaste as *Susanna*, they will be false,  
 and continually imagine you will be libelous to others;  
 of that whereof you were proud to them. If you  
 desire to marry by fancy, rather pursuing your own  
 wretched humors, then the reasonable commands of  
 those to whom you owe your being; hold it as a crime  
 the most capitall you can undertake, and confidently  
 believe

believe if so you do, you will open a flood-gate to a deluge of miseries and cares, which will flow upon you through all the parts of your life. Account the resolutions you make to this purpose, aberrations, and think whatotten shall to you suggest the execution of them, will poison you by the care to murther your chastity. But I fear (Reader) I have too much trespass'd upon thy patience, in insisting so long upon this branch. And I know there are some Enamoured, will account my precepts too difficult to be followed, and let my persuasions at naught; they will not stir from their melancholy thoughts, nor want the least idea of their lovers, so much pleasure they take in it. Therefore I will instruct their friends, and for if they can withdraw their affection; the which take as followeth.

The Arabian do advise us to take occasion to discourse of the party affected, in the patients hearing, and to rehearse all her imperfections and vices, making them more and more, and far greater then they really are; and to set out her perfections and virtues in the colour and shape of vices; and to labour by probable arguments to prove unto him, that she, which he judgeth to be comely and handsome, is in the judgments of those that are more quick sighted, both ugly and deformed: telling him that Cupid is blind, and makes all that he loveth so; and Endeavour with what possibility you can, to convert his love either into hate or jealousy, by persuading him, that his Mistress doth not love him so well as she makes him believe she doth, and that all her civilities, favours, kisses, dallies, and embraces, are only baits and enticements to keep him from slavery: but if the party loveth her otherwise, that may be pleaded the obsequiousness and dissembling of Men, which is frequently

quently found in them, as Inconstancy in Women: The *Parthians*, to cause the youth to loath the alluring trains of Womens wiles, and deceitful inticements, had most exquisitely carryed in their houses, a young Man blinde, besides whom was adjoynd a Woman: so exquisite, that in some mens judgement, *Pigmaliions* image was not half so excellent, having one hand in his pocket as noying her chest, and holding a knife in the other hand to cut his throat. I have heard also of Injuries, slanders, contempes, and disgraces, are very forcible means to withdraw Mens affections, for Lovers reviled or neglected, contemned or abused, turn love into hate. Mr. *Barron* adviseth you to tell him she is a fool, an idiot, a slut, and many time so nasty that one cannot touch her with a pair of tonges, and that always against the time of his coming, she tricks and trimmes her self up to allure him, and will not be seen by him, but in an inticing dresse, that she is a scold, a devill incarnate, that she is come of a light hearted kinde, or that he or she hath some loathsome incurable disease, that she is bald, her breath stinks, that he or she is mad and frenetick hereditarily, to tell her that he is an hermaphrodite, an Eunuch, imperfect, impotent, a spendthrift, a gamester, a gull, his Mother was a Witch, his Father was hanged, that he will surely beat her, that he is a desperate fellow, and will stab his bedfellow, and that no body will lie with him. If she be fair and wanton, tell him she will make him a cuckold, and to sing an *April* song. If she be virtuous, that it is but a cloak for her more secret vices, a meer outside, a whitened Sepulchre. If he be enamoured on a Widow, that she will still bit him in the reth with her last husband, that she hath cast her rider, and will endanger him too, and that a wife and children are a perpetual bill of charges.

Endeavour

Endevour to divert the patients thoughts from his former Mistresse, by making him fall in love with another; upon whom when once his affections begin to take root, make him hate that, and fall in love with a third; so following this course with him still, till at length he begins of his own accord to be weary of loving: for (I'll assure you) he that is in love with many Women at once, will never run mad for any of them; for the minde being thus disunited, the desires are lesse violently so one love takes away the force of another. Love is of the nature of a burning-glasse, which kept still in one place fireth; but changed often it doth nothing, not so much as warm: or a kinde of glowing cole, which shifted from hand to hand, a man easily endures. A young man (saith Lucian) was pitifully in love, he came to the Theatre by chance, and by seeing variety of objects there, was fully recovered. *Philopares agressis bellis, ac pharmaceis obliuiscit biliffes*; and went merrily home, as if he had drunk a draught of oblivion. A Mouse (saith the Fabulist) was brought up in a chest, and there fed with fragments of Bread and Cheese; thought there could be no better meat; till at last coming to feed on other varieties, loathed his former life: just so it is with a silly Lover; when so fair as his Mistresse at first, the darts for honey turn her; yet after a while, when he hath compassed her to others, he abhors her more, sight, and his memory. If all this will do no good, let us see what may be done by Physick means; as Very some cholerick men who exclaim and cry with open throats against the Gods, for ordaining for every malady a medicine, for every sore a salve, for every pain a plaister; leaving only Love remediless, and then exclaiming with the Invenor of Physick Apollo, *Hei*







And if I could, and when in what manner I ever, doth  
 refrain the inclination to marry, which is doth by a  
 perfect property, being it is of the same strength with  
 Nature, which worketh in any creature, and therefore  
 the *Attendant Attours* in their Theophrastus did use  
 the word as that which is on, thereby to preserve their  
 thoughts (if it were possible) from impurity, and  
 so they had excellent remedy, but of different operation  
 on in Men and Women.

One quality thereof commend I must,  
 It makes Men chaste and Women fly with lust.

Let him Sorrow with his tear be,

Let him Sorrow with his tear be,  
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Let him Sorrow with his tear be,  
 Let him Sorrow with his tear be,  
 Let him Sorrow with his tear be,  
 Let him Sorrow with his tear be,

Collected.



*Thou art Craterisish*, there is no other remedy for *Loveschen Time*, and thou must wear it out: it *time* will nor, the last refuge (saith he) is an *halter*. And that's a speedy and sure remedy, very quick of operation.

But when all fails, apply that Cordial (give to your corroding sore made by *Love*, manning weapon, that excellent remedy, that love-signe balm, that universal medicine, which if reasonably administered, will give you comfort when you are most distempered. The *Recipe* is, *Divine Contemplation*: for certainly those spirits which are truly raised to the study and knowledge of *divine things*, and do well know the art of *celestial contemplation*, are elevated above all *terrestrial pleasures*, in as much as *divine* above *finite*, and *infinite felicities* above *vanities*. And not finding any thing on earth so lively and delightful to sit upon, let the object of our desire and felicity be in the *Empyrean heaven*. And while we are in these *divine exercises*, let our spirits be so strong as they may be transported out of our bodies (so heavenly that they may discern the chiefest pleasures of this body (in which *liberal love*) but as dung and dross, may scorn (since we may obtain comparison of those *sublime* and *celestial pleasures* we enjoy in our *souls*. And in such comparison we may rejoyce more in *transcending* these *corporeal delights*, and being above them, than in the fruition of them. Therefore in stead of placing our *affections* on *terrene objects*, let us seek after that fountain and well-spring of all *love*, *loveliness*, *beauty*, *sweetness*, and *excellencies* of the *Creator*: which is infinitely more permanent, and doth as much transcend all other *vanities* and *excellencies* in the world, if they were all united in one: so that when a soul is possessed with the *adoration* and *love* of God, it will have the eye of its imagination fixed

for winter; on the wings of contemplation; and a vapour exhaled by the Sun, often gliding after his face, being thereunto attracted by the allurements of his most amiable, fair and sweet looks and language; insomuch that it will be enlightened with glorious ideas, saving apprehensions, ardent affections; and celestial raptures. We will conclude with that Poetical and Divine strain of the Nightingale of France.

If wanton Lovers so delight to gaze,  
On mortal beauties little little gaze;  
This new content with (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
Of such a kind that I can never gaze  
Nor will I gaze which the (distant) gaze  
Has deep imprinted in their yielding hearts;

Which more should show, whole souls in fact, love  
Are fast with (ah!) my eyes I gaze

Of the virtuous of the virtuous couple of de-  
votion: that will and may be devoured by  
word of (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
hope, these will (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
I can answer (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
cannot (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
not to come within the (ah!) my eyes I gaze

mouth of (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
banded up and down in the (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
of (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
there is a (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
of (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
early Gander hath got a (ah!) my eyes I gaze  
hath

## The Postscript.

READER,

I Know I shall come under the lash of a *Satirical dijudication*, and be boy'd out of countenance, for presuming to appear in this Subject, which would have become the neat flourishke of a more *elegant pen*. Therefore I will acknowledge that *Phileas* as one of my most energetical *palizadoes*, who will defend this *Enchiridion* against the malevolous aspersions of the venomous tongues of detractors, that will endeavour to derogate its worth by calumny. But I have *Herculean* hopes, that some will vindicate me (where I cannot answer for my self) against the viperous brood of backbiters. And as I love not to come within the jaws of such black-mouth'd *Plutonian Curs*; so I desire not to be bandied up and down in the *Tennis Court* of this World with the *Racket of praise*; for there is a Herb called *Lingua pagana* (I translate it) a *double tongue*; the Devill that crafty Gardner hath got a slip of it, and hath



## The Postscript.

hath set it in the heart of the Grammatical Reader, for Bilkens was none of Gods making; and he that doth not know the difference between that double word God made single: So there will be some that will disallow of that in the Writers absence, which before did approve of and commend in his presence, and such malicious Criticks shall misinterpret the innocency of my harmlesse meaning, I shall but reply, and play upon their fancying. God bless you both Ben. Jonson in his Play *Every Man in his Humour*.

*Their praise or dispraise is to me alike;  
Thy one doth not strike me, nor the other strike*

I. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 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1633  
The Works of John Donne  
in Verse and Prose  
Printed by I. Blount  
at the Sign of the Gunne  
in St. Dunstons Church  
in London

disallow of that in the Writers opinion  
which before had appeared of such common  
in his private and publick  
shall witness the innocency of my heart  
tells me that I shall not reply and play  
of Love, which is the subject of this  
lay and the Epigrams of Mr. Donne

**T**he first of these is a Poem  
written in the year 1619  
and is the first of the  
World.

1. The first of these is a Poem  
written in the year 1619  
and is the first of the  
World.  
2. The second is a Poem  
written in the year 1620  
and is the second of the  
World.  
3. The third is a Poem  
written in the year 1621  
and is the third of the  
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4. The fourth is a Poem  
written in the year 1622  
and is the fourth of the  
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written in the year 1623  
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9. The ninth is a Poem  
written in the year 1627  
and is the ninth of the  
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10. The tenth is a Poem  
written in the year 1628  
and is the tenth of the  
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